

A  
KING,  
AND  
No KING.

As it is now Acted at the  
Theatre-Royal;  
By Their  
MAJESTIES Servants.

---

Written by { Francis Beaumont,  
and  
John Fletcher, } Gent.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, at the Post-Office, in Russell-  
Street, in Covent-Garden, 1693.

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LONDON

Printed for R. B. at the Post-Office, in Pall-Mall.  
Street, in Covent-Garden, 1697.



# The PERSONS Represented,

	By
<b>A</b> <i>Arbaces</i> , King of <i>Iberia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Tigranes</i> , King of <i>Armenia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Gobrius</i> , Lord Protector, and Father of <i>Arbaces</i> ———	Mr. <i>Winterhall</i> .
<i>Bacurius</i> , another Lord—————	Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Mardonius</i> , } Two Captains—————	{ Mr. <i>Mobay</i> .
<i>Bessus</i> ,—— }	{ Mr. <i>Lacy</i> , or
	Mr. <i>Shottrell</i> .
<i>Lygones</i> , Father of <i>Spaconia</i> —————	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
Two Gentlemen.	
Three Men, and a Woman.	
<i>Philip</i> , a Servant, and two Citizens Wives.	
A Messenger.	
A Servant to <i>Bacurius</i> .	
Two Sword Men—————	{ Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
	{ Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
A Boy.	
<i>Arane</i> , the Queens Mother—————	Mrs. <i>Corey</i> .
<i>Panthæa</i> , her Daughter—————	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Spaconia</i> , a Lady, Daughter of <i>Lygones</i> —————	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Mandane</i> , A Waiting-Woman.	

And other Attendants.

The PERSONS Represented,

By \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Hart \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Knapp \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Winterkill \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Lyall \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Mohr \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Jack \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Spotted \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mr. Cartwright \_\_\_\_\_

W. M. 2  
W. M. 2

Mrs. Cox.  
Mrs. Cox.

CHASSINIA 1010 1010

# A KING and no KING.

## Act I.

### Enter Mardonius and Bessus, two Captains.

*Mar.* **B**essus, the King has made a fair hand on't, he has ended the Wars at a blow, would my Sword had a close basket hilt to hold Wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

*Bes.* We that are Commanders shall do well enough.

*Mar.* Faith, Bessus, such Commanders as thou may, I had as-live set thee *Perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as *Alexander the Great*.

*Bes.* I love these jests exceedingly.

*Mar.* I think thou lov'st 'em better then quarrelling, Bessus, I'll say so much i'thy behalf and yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a request I think thou wou'dst kill any man that stopp'd thee if thou cou'dst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see't?

*Bes.* You stood wi'me.

*Mar.* I did so, but me thought thou winkedst every blow they strook.

*Bes.* Well, I believe there are better Souldiers then I, that never saw two Princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth, I think so too, Bessus, many a thousand, but certainly all they are worse than thou have seen as much.

*Bes.* 'Twas bravely done of our King.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the Wars, I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

*Bes.* To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of's own Countrey in single combat.

*Mar.* See how thy blood cruddles at this, I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i'this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly?

*Mar.* I.

*Bes.* I could willingly venter for't

*Mar.* Um, no venter neither Bessus.

B

*Bes.* Let

# A King and no King.

*Bef.* Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

*Bef.* Fam'd, I, I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'm e'en heartily glad on't, I have been with thee er'e since thou cam'st to the wars, and this the first word that ever I heard on't, prethee who fames thee?

*Bef.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my Conscience thou deserv'st it not.

*Bef.* Yes, I ha' done good service.

*Mar.* I do not know how thou may'st wait on a man in's Chamber, or thy agility in shifting a Trencher, but otherwise no service, good *Bessus*.

*Bef.* You saw me do the service your self.

*Mar.* Not so hasty, sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish'd?

*Bef.* At *Bessus* desp'r'at redemption.

*Mar.* At *Bessus* desp'r'at redemption, where's that?

*Bef.* There where I redeem'd the day, the place bears my name.

*Mar.* Pray thee who Christ'ned it?

*Bef.* The Souldier.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merrily dispos'd man, what would become of thee? one that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: did not I beat thee there I th' head o' th' troops with a trunchion, because thou wouldst needs run a way with thy company, when we should charge the enemy.

*Bef.* True, but I did not run.

*Mar.* Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

*Bef.* But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all.

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so do I, thou mean'st to flie, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy, and a hot charge thou gav'st, as I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away, and I think, we owe thy fear for our victory, if I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst mistake allways, and run away upon the enemy, thou shouldst be General, by this light.

*Bef.* You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

*Mar.* No more such words, dear *Bessus*, for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant and beat thee.

*Bef.* Come, our King's a brave fellow.

*Mar.*



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*Mar.* He is so, *Bessie*, I wonder how thou can'st to know it, but if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious, and humble, and angry, and patient, and merry, and dull, and joyful, and sorrowful in extremity, in an hour: Do not think me thy friend for this, for if I can'st who know it, thou shouldst not hear it, *Bessie*. Here he is with his prey in his foot.

*Enter Arabaces and Tigranes two Kings, &c.*  
*The two Gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadness, brave *Tigranes*, takes away  
From my full victory, am I become  
Of so small fame that any man should greive  
When I o'recome him; They that plac'd me here,  
Intended it an honour large enough,  
For the most valiant living; but to dare  
Oppose me single, though he lost the day,  
What should afflict you? You are free as I.  
To be my prisoner, is to be more free  
Than you were formerly, and never think  
The man I held worthy to combat me  
Shall be us'd servilely: Thy ransom is  
To take my only Sister to thy wife,  
A heavy one, *Tigranes*; for she is  
A Lady, that the Neighbour Princes send  
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind  
To her, *Tigranes*. She but nine years old  
I left her, and ne'er saw her since. Your Warts  
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,  
The way to victory. She was a pretty child  
Then, I was little better; but now fame  
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers  
Make me believe she is a miracle.  
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke  
But of her eye, *Tigranes*.

*Tigr.* Is't the course of *Iberia* to use their prisoners thus?  
Had Fortune thrown my name above *Arbaces*,  
I should not thus have talked, Sir, in *Armenia*.  
We hold it base; you should have kept your temper  
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion  
Perhaps to brag.

*Arb.* Be you my witness, Earth, need I to brag?  
Doth not this captive Prince speak  
Me sufficiently, and all the acts  
That I have wrought upon his suffering Land?  
Should I then boast! where lies that foot of ground

Within his whole Realm, that I have not past  
 Fighting and conquering; Far then from me  
 Be Ostentation; I could tell the world  
 How I have laid his Kingdom desolate  
 By this sole Arm, prop'd by Divinity,  
 Strip him out of his glories, and have sent  
 The pride of all his youth to people graves,  
 And made his Virgins languish for their Loves.  
 If I would brag, should I that have the power  
 To teach the Neighbour world humility  
 Mix with vain-glory?

*Mar.* Indeed this is none.

*Arb.* Tigranes, Nay did I but take delight  
 To stretch my deeds as other do on words,  
 I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you do.

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my modesty,  
 That thinks me apt to boast after an act  
 Fit for a God to do upon his foe,  
 A little glory in a Souldiers mouth  
 Is well becoming, be it far from vainnes.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk.

*Arb.* I offer you my Sister, and you answer  
 I do insult, a Lady that no sute  
 Nor treasure, nor thy crown could purchase thee,  
 But that thou foughtst with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
 Then that you spake before, it strikes me not;  
 But that you think to over-grace me with this  
 The marriage of your Sister troubles me,  
 I would give worlds for ransoms were they mine,  
 Rather then have her.

*Arb.* See if I insult

That am the conquerer, and for a ransom  
 Offer rich treasure to the Conquered,  
 Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn.  
 It cannot be self-flattery to say,  
 The daughters of your Countreys set by her,  
 Would see their shame, run home and blush to death  
 At their own foulness; yet she is not fair,  
 Nor beautiful, those words expresse her not.  
 They say her looks have something excellent,  
 That wants a name: yet were she odious,  
 Her birth deserves the Empire of the world;  
 Sister to such a Brother that hath ta'en  
 Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth,

*Carries*

Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,  
She durst not leave him; Nature did her wrong,  
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,  
And make no man worthy her for to take,  
But me that am too near her, and as strangely  
She did for me. But you will think I brag.

*Mar.* I do, I'm besworn. Thy valour and thy passions fever'd  
would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds, I know not  
whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate, would  
one of 'em were away.

*Tigr.* Do I refuse her that I doubt her worth?  
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought,  
So perfect that no one of her own sex  
Could find a want; were she so tempting fair  
That she could wish it off for damning souls,  
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives  
Rather than meet her married in my bed.  
Perhaps I have a love, were I have sixt  
Mine eyes not to be mov'd, and she on me,  
I am not fickle.

*Arb.* Is that all the cause?  
Think you, you can so knit your self in love  
To any other, that her searching sight  
Cannot dissolve it? So before you tri'd  
You thought your self a match for me in fight.  
Trust me *Tigranes*, she can do as much  
In Peace, as I in War, she'll conquer too,  
You shall see, if you have the power to stand  
The force of her swift looks, if you dislike,  
I'll send you home with love and name your ransom  
Some other way, but if she be your choice,  
She frees you: To *Iberia* you must.

*Tigr.* Sir, I have learn'd a Prisoners sufferance,  
And will obey, but give me leave to talk  
In private with some friends before I go.

*Arb.* Some to await him forth, and see him safe,  
But let him freely send for whom he please,  
And none dare to disturb his Conference.  
I will not have him know what bondage is,  
Till he be free from me. This Prince, *Mardonius*,  
Is full of Wisdom, valour, all the graces  
Man can receive.

*Mar.* And yet you conquer'd him.

*Arb.* and yet I conquer'd him, and could have  
Hadst thou joyn'd with him, though thy name in Arms  
Be great; Must all men that are virtuous

Think

Think suddenly to match themselves with me,

I conquered him and bravely; did I not?

*Bef.* And please your Majesty I was afraid at first,

*Mar.* When wert thou other?

*Arb.* Of what?

*Bef.* That you would not have spi'd your best advantages, for your Majesty on my opinion lay too high, me thinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

*Mar.* Like a Taylor at a Wake.

*Bef.* And then, if please your Majesty to remember, at one time, by my troth, I wish'd my self with you.

*Mar.* By my troth, thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' Lifts.

*Arb.* What to do?

*Bef.* To put your Majesty in mind of an occasion; you lay thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your leg; which you by doing thus avoided; but if you had whip'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the bloud-Royal run about his head.

*Mar.* What country Fence-school learn'd thou at?

*Arb.* Pish, did not I take him nobly?

*Mar.* Why you did, and you have talked enough on't.

*Arb.* Talkt enough!

Will you confine my words? By Heaven and Earth,

I were much better be a King of Beasts

Then such a people: If I had not patience

Above a God, I should be call'd a Tyrant

Throughout the world. They will offend to death

Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again

And thou art earth again: why this is like

*Tigranes* speech, that needs would say I brag'd.

*Bessus*, he said I brag'd.

*Bef.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Arb.* Why dost thou laugh?

By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous

To my own Subjects: Tie me in a Chair

And jest at me, but I shall make a start

And punish some, that others may take heed

How they are haughty; who will answer me?

He said I boasted, speak, *Mardonius*,

Did I? He will not answer, O my Temper!

I give you thanks above, that laught my heart

Patience, I can endure his silence; what will none

Vouchsafe to give answer? am I grown

To such a poor respect? or do you mean

To break my wind in Speak, I speak, some one of you,

Or else by Heaven,



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1 *Gent.* So please your

*Arb.* Monstrous,

I cannot be heard out, they cut me off

As if I were too sawcy. I will live

In woods, and talk to trees, they will allow me

To end what I begin. The meanest Subject

Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,

And not I. Now it is a time to speak,

I hearken.

1 *Gent.* May it please.

*Arb.* I mean not you.

Did not I stop you once?

Let another speak.

2 *Gent.* I hope your Majesty.

*Arb.* Thou draught thy words,

That I must wait an hour, where other men

Can hear in an instant; throw your words away

Quick, and to purpose, I have told you this.

*Bef.* And please your Majesty.

*Arb.* Wilt thou devour me? this is such a rudeness

As yet you never shewed me, and I want

Power to command too, else *Mardonius*,

Would speak at my request; were you my King,

I would have answered at your word, *Mardonius*,

I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will offend me,

when you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land,

with that sole Arm propt by Divinity;

Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us

That daily ventured lives?

*Arb.* O that thy Name

Were great as mine, would I had paid my wealth;

It were as great, as I might combat thee;

I would through all the Regions habitable

Search thee, and having found thee, with my Sword,

Drive thee about the world, till I had met

Some place that yet mans curiosity

Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:

Forgotten of Mankind, such funeral rites

As beasts would give thee thou shouldst have.

*Bef.* The King rages extremely, shall we sink away?

He'll strike us.

2 *Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know 'twas this sole Arm,

I grant.

I grant you were my Instruments, and did  
 As I commanded you, but 'twas this Arm  
 Mov'd you like wheels, it mov'd you as it pleas'd  
 Whither slip you now? what are you too good  
 To wait on me? puff, I had need have temper;  
 That rule such people; I have nothing left  
 At my own choice, I would I might be private:  
 Mean men enjoy themselves, but 'tis our curse,  
 To have a tumult that out of their loves  
 Will wait on us, whether we will or no;  
 Go, get you gon! Why here they stand like death.  
 My word moves nothing.

*1 Gent.* Must we go?

*Bef.* I know not.

*Arb.* I pray you leave me, Sirs, I'm proud of this,  
 That they will be intreated from my sight:  
 Why now they leave me all: *Mardonius, Arb. and Mar.*

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Will you leave me quite alone? methinks  
 Civility should teach you more than this,  
 If I were but your friend: Stay here and wait.

*Mar.* Sir, shall I speak?

*Arb.* Why you would now think much  
 To be denied, but I can scarce intreat  
 What I would have: do speak.

*Mar.* But will you hear me out?

*Arb.* With me you art to talk thus: well,  
 I will hear you out.

*Mar.* Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for  
 me; that I do if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my  
 witness; and were you not my King, from amongst men, I should  
 have chosen you out to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge  
 thanks: for my own sake I should have done it, because I would have  
 loved the most deserving man, for so you are.

*Arb.* Alas, *Mardonius*, rise, you shall not kneel.  
 We all are Souldiers, and all venture lives:  
 And were there is no difference in mens worths,  
 Titles are jests: who can out-value thee?  
*Mardonius*, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;  
 Thy love is not rewarded, but believe  
 It shall be better, more than Friend in arms,  
 My Father, and my Tutor stood *Mardonius*.

*Mar.* Sir you did promise you would hear me out.

*Arb.* And so I will, speak freely, for from thee  
 Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

*Mar.* Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities  
 That do Eclipse my virtues.

*Mar.*

*Arb.* Eclipse my Vertues?

*Mar.* Yes, your Passions, which are so manifest, that they appear even in this: when I commend you, you hug me for that truth: but when I speak your faults, you make a start, and flie the hearing: but,

*Arb.* When you commend me? O that I should live To need such Commendations: if my deeds Blew not my praise themselves about the earth, I were most wretched: spare your idle praise: If thou didst mean to flatter, and should'st utter Words in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence, My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise I hug you? 'tis so false, that wert thou worthy Thou should'st receive a death, a glorious death From me: but thou shalt understand thy lies, For should'st thou praise me into Heaven, and there Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee though, As much as now, which is as much as dust, Because I see thy envy.

*Mar.* However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

*Arb.* I will, and after call unto the winds, For they shall lend as large an ear as I To what you utter: speak.

*Mar.* Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em, then you would shine indeed.

*Arb.* Well.

*Mar.* Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a God, your Vertues are such.

*Arb.* Why now you flatter.

*Mar.* I never understood the word, were you no King, and free from these moods, should I chuse a Companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you: or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it would be you, or Wisdom to give me Counsel, I would pick out you: or Valour to defend my Reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world; if it could come in question: Now I have spoke, consider to your self, find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not material: more then ten such lives As mine, *Mardonius*: it was nobly said, Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth As might offend another. I have been Too passionate, and idle, thou shalt see A swift amendment; but I want those Parts You praise me for: I fight for all the World!

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Give thee a Sword, and thou wilt go as far  
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years,  
I know thou dar'st and wilt; it troubles me  
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee,  
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,  
So thou wilt pardon me, that thou and I  
Shoul differ thus.

*Mar.* Why 'tis no matter, Sir.

*Arb.* Faith, but it is, but thou dost ever take  
All things I do thus patiently, for which  
I never can requite thee, but with love,  
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I  
Have not been merry lately: pray thee tell me  
Where hadst thou that same jewel' in thine ear?

*Mar.* Why at the taking of a Town.

*Arb.* A Wench upon my life, a wench, *Mardonius*,  
Gave thee that jewel.

*Mar.* Wench! they respect not me, I am old and rough, and every  
limb about me, but that which should grows stiffer: In those busi-  
nesses I may swear I am truly honest: for I pay justly for what I take,  
and would be glad to be at a certainty.

*Arb.* Why do the wenches incroach upon thee?

*Mar.* I, by this light, do they.

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with them?

*Mar.* Yes, Faith.

*Arb.* And do they improve themselves?

*Mar.* I, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come  
acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst live on't?

*Mar.* Why I think I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter two Gentlemen and Bessus.*

*Mar.* Your price.

*Arb.* I, at the Kings price.

*Mar.* That may be more then I'm worth.

*2 Gent.* Is he not merry now?

*1 Gent.* I think not.

*Bes.* He is, he is, we'll shew our selves.

*Arb.* *Bessus*, I thought you had been in *Iberia* by this, I had you  
hast; *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

*Bes.* And please your Majesty I have a sure.

*Arb.* Is it not louise *Bessus*, what is't?

*Bes.* I am to carry a Lady with me.

*Arb.* Then thou hast two sure.

*Bes.* And if I can prefer her to the Lady *Panthea* your Majesties  
Sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth  
something



something to me

*Arb.* So many nights lodgings as 'tis thicker, will't not?

*Bef.* I know not that, Sir, but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

*Bef.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith, 'tis a very disputable question, and yet I think thou canst decide it.

*Bef.* Your Majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

*Bef.* Some body has traduced me to you: do you see this sword, Sir?

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bef.* If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant. [Enter a Messenger, with a Pack.]

*Mes.* Health to your Majesty.

*Arb.* From Gobrias?

*Mes.* Yes, Sir.

*Arb.* How does he, is he well?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good news.

A trustier servant to his Prince there lives not,  
Then is good Gobrias.

1 *Gent.* The King starts back.

*Mar.* His blood goes back as fast.

2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.

*Mar.* He alters strangely.

*Arb.* The hand of heaven is on me, be it far  
From me to struggle; if my secret sins  
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears  
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel  
A child-like innocence within my breast;  
Which once perform'd, O give me leave to stand  
As fix'd as constancy her self, my eyes  
Set her unmov'd, regardless of the World,  
Though thousand miseries encompass me.

*Mar.* This is strange, Sir, how do you?

*Arb.* Mardonius, my Mother:

*Mar.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas she's not so happy; thou dost know  
How she hath labour'd since my Father died,  
To take by treason hence this loathed life,  
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,  
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit  
To practise new sins not repent the old?

She now had stir'd a slave to come from thence,  
And strike me here, whome *Gabriel* sitting out,  
Took and condemn'd and executed there.  
The careful'st servant! Heaven let me but live  
To pay that man; Nature is Poor in me,  
That will not let me have as many deaths  
As are the times as he hath say'd my life.  
That I might die 'em over all for him.

*Mar.* Sir let her bear her sins on her own head,  
Vex not your self.

*Arb.* What will the world  
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins  
Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
Is fought by her? he gave it to the world?  
But yet he writes me comfort here my Sister,  
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace,  
In all the innocent virtues that become  
A tender spotless maid: she stains her cheeks  
With mourning tears to purge her Mothers ill,  
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,  
Her pure oblations for my safe return:  
If I have lost the duty of a son,  
If any pomp or vanity of state  
Made me forget my natural offices;  
Nay farther, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wandring thoughts,  
If ought unto my Parent they have err'd,  
And call'd 'em back: do you direct her arm  
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine:  
But if I have been just to her, send out  
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe  
From searching treason; I will use no means  
But prayer: for rather suffer me to see  
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
Then wash my danger off with Mothers blood.

*Mar.* I ne'er saw such sudden extremities

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconis.*

*Fig.* Why? wilt thou have me die, *Spaconis*.  
What should I do?

*Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone,  
And when you see *Armenia* again,  
You shall behold a Tomb more worth then I,  
Some friend that either loves me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women, many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those Maids

That

That place their loves unfortunately high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach :  
But why should you go to *Iberia* ?

*Tig.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me ; ask the man  
That rages in a fever why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
Are courting o're The Meadows with their Loves ?  
Can I resist ? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd me ?

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee, *Tigranes*, he has won but half of  
Thee, thy body, but thy mind may be as free  
As his, his will did never combate thine,  
And take it prisoner.

*Tigr.* But if by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me :  
Or thee to be unwilling ?

*Spa.* O *Tigranes*,  
I know you are to see a Lady there,  
To see and like, I fear : perhaps the hope  
Of her makes you forget me ; e're we part  
Be happier then you know to wish : farewell.

*Tigr.* *Spaconia*, stay and hear me what I say :  
In short, Distruction meet me that I may  
See it, and not avoide it when I leave  
To be thy faithfull Lover : Part with me  
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our love,  
And I have gi'n gold to a Captain  
That goes unto *Iberia* from the King,  
That he will place a Lady of our Land  
With the Kings Sister that is offered me ;  
Thither shall you, and being once got in,  
Perswade her by what subtille means you can  
To be as backward in her love as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away  
With words from loving you ?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health :  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather lose you : can my heart  
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words ?  
And I that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing atfirst to lie.

*Tig.* Yet do thy best.

*Bef.* What is your Majesty ready ?

*Tigr.* There is the Lady Captain.

*Bef.* Sweet Lady, by your leave, I could wish my self more full  
of

[ Enter *Bessus*.

of Courtship for your fair sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

*Bef.* Lady, you must hast, I have received new letters from the King, that requires more hast then I expected, he will follow me suddenly himself, and begins to call for your Majesty already.

*Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bef.* Sweet Lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, Sir, you shall call me what you please.

## ACT II.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthæa, and Maudane, waiting-woman, with Attendants, and Guards.*

*Gob.* **M**Y Lord-Bacurius, you must have regard Unto the Queen, she is your Prisoner, 'Tis at your peril if she make escape.

*Bac.* My Lord, I know it, she is my Prisoner From you committed; yet she is a Woman, And so I keep her safe, you will not urge me To keep her close, I shall not shame to say I sorrow for her.

*Gob.* So do I my Lord;  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace  
Doth govern her: that she should stretch her arm  
Against her King; so little Woman-hood  
And natural goodness, as to think the death  
Of her own Son.

*Ara.* Thou know'st the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

*Gob.* There is a Lady takes not after you,  
Her Father is within her, that good Man  
Whose tears weigh'd down his Sins, mark how she weeps,  
How well it does become her; and if you  
Can find no disposition in your self  
To sorrow, yet by gracefulness in her  
Find out the way, and by your reason weep:  
All this she does for you, and more she needs,  
When for your self you will not lose a tear,  
Think how this want of grief discredits you,  
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.

*Ara.* You talk to me as having got a time



Fit for your purpose ; but you know I know  
You speak what you think.

*Pan.* I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd  
Against my Mother, a more troubled thought  
No Virgin bears about ; should I excuse  
My Mothers fault, I should set light a life,  
In losing which, a Brother and a King  
Were taken from me ; if I seek to save  
That life so lov'd, I lose another life  
That gave me being, I shall lose a Mother ;  
A word of such a sound in a Childs ear,  
That it strikes reverence through it : may the will  
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,  
Take a poor Virgins life to answer all.

*Ara.* But, *Gobrias*, let us talk, you know this fault  
Is not in me as in another Mother.

*Gob.* I know it is not.

*Ara.* Yet you make it so.

*Gob.* Why is not all that's past, beyond your help ?

*Ara.* I know it is.

*Gob.* Nay, should you publish it  
Before the World, think you 'twould be believ'd ?

*Ara.* I know it would not.

*Gob.* Nay, should I joyn with you,  
Should we not both be torn, and yet both die  
Uncredited ?

*Ara.* I think we should.

*Gob.* Why then

Take you such violent Courses ? as for me,  
I do but right in saving of the King  
From all your Plots.

*Ara.* The King ?

*Gob.* I bad you rest with patience, and a time  
Would come for me  
To reconcile all to your own content ;  
But by this way you take away my Power,  
And what was done unknown, was not by me,  
But you : your urging being done,  
I must preserve my own, but time may bring  
All this to light, and happily for all.

*Ara.* Accursed be this over-curious brain  
That gave that Plot a birth, accurst this womb  
That after did conceive to my disgrace.

*Bac.* My Lord Protector, they say there are divers letters come  
from *Armenia*, that *Bessus* has done good service, and brought again

a day, by his particular valour, receiv'd you any to that effect.

*Gob.* Yes, 'tis most certain.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't, not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him: we held him here a Coward, he did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and so did all the World, for not I, nor any other held him worth my Sword.

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my Lord Protector, from the King these Letters: and to your Grace, Madam, these.

*Gob.* How does his Majesty?

*Bes.* As well as Conquest by his own means, and his Valiant Commanders can make him: your Letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine till I do know

My Brother's health, good Captain is he well?

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that? is he hurt?

*Bes.* He's a strange Souldier that gets not a knock.

*Pan.* I do not ask how strange that Souldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one?

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.* And is he well again?

*Bes.* Well again, an't please your Grace, why I was run twice through the body, and shot i'th head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.

*Pan.* I do not care how thou dost, is he well?

*Bes.* Not care how I do? let a man out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructifie foreign Countries with his blood for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered, why? I may live to relieve with Spear and Shield, such a Lady as you distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care, I'm glad thou art well, I prithee is he so?

*Gob.* The King is well, and will be here to morrow.

*Pan.* My Prayers are heard: now will I open mine.

*Gob.* *Bacurius*, I must ease you of your charge:

Madam, the wonted mercy of the Kings;

That overtakes your faults, has met with this,

And strook it out, he has forgiven you freely,

Your own will is your Law, be it where you please.

*Ara.* I thank him.

*Gob.* You will be ready

To wait upon his Majesty to morrow.

*Ara.* I will.

[*Exit Ara.*]

*Bac.* Madam, be wise hereafter:

I am glad I have lost this Office.

*Gob.* Good Captain *Bessus*, tell us the Discourse  
Betwixt *Tigranes*, and our King, and how he got the Victory?

*Pan.* I prethee do, and if my Brother were in any danger, let not  
thy

thy tale make him abide there long before thou bring him off, for all that while my heart will bear.

*Bes.* Madam, let what will bear, I must tell the truth, and thus it was; they fought single, in Lists but one to one, as for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but threedays before; else perhaps we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought we had, and the occasion of my hurt was this, the Enemy had made Trenches.

*Gob.* Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'll hear of some other time.

*Pan.* I prithee leave it, and go on with my Brother.

*Bes.* I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the lists they came, and Single Sword and Gauntlet was their fight.

*Pan.* Alas.

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen Captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was he and 'twas my chance to stand next a Captain o' th' Enemies side, called *Tiribafus*; Valiant they said he was: whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribafus* cast something a scornful look on me, and ask't me whom I thought would overcome; I smil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that, whose King would win: something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zepirus* offer'd to help him, I—

*Pan.* All this is of thy self, I pray thee, *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Why yes, I'll tell your Grace they were not to fight 'till the word given, which for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

*Pan.* See for his own part.

*Bac.* I fear yet this fellow's abus'd with a good report.

*Bes.* But I.

*Pan.* Still of himself.

*Bes.* Cry'd give the word, when as some of them say, *Tyrannus* was stooping, but the word was not given then, yet one *Cosroes* of the Enemies part, held up his finger to me, which is as much with us Martialists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made sign during the Combat, but that once done.

*Pan.* He slips o're all the fight.

*Bes.* I call'd him to me, *Cosroes*, said I.

*Pan.* I will hear no more.

*Bes.* No, no, I lie.

*Bac.* I dare be sworn thou dost.

*Bes.* Captain, said I, so 'twas.

*Pan.* I tell thee I will hear no further.

*Bes.* No, your Grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it, what is this the Lady  
My Brother writes to me to take?

*Bel.* And please your Grace, this is the Charge, will you come nearer the Princes?

*Pan.* Your welcome from your Countrey, and this Land shall shew unto you all the kindness That I can make it; What's your name?

*Spa.* Theofania.

*Pan.* You're very welcome, you have got a letter To put you to me, that has power enough To place mine enemy here; then much more you, That are so far from being so to me That you ne'er saw me,

*Bel.* Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

*Spa.* My truth?

*Pan.* Why Captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

*Bel.* I cannot tell, servants are slippery, but I dare give my word for her; and for honesty she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way, but by this light, none but what she might do with modesty to a man of my rank.

*Pan.* Why Captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

*Bel.* Nay, if you should, your Grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

*Spa.* Above my knee?

*Bel.* No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer; Nay P'le defend the reputation of my Charge whilst I live; your Grace shall under stand I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a Ladies honour.

*Spa.* I hope your Grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

*Bel.* I you may call me what you please, but P'le defend your good name against the world; and so I take my leave of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector, I am likewise glad to see your Lordship well.

*Bac.* O Captain *Belas*, I thank you, I would speak with you anon.

*Bel.* When you please, I will attend your Lordship. [Exit *Belas*.

*Bac.* Madam, I'll take my leave too. [Exit.

*Pan.* Good *Bacchus*.

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his to you?

*Pan.* O my Lord,

The kindest words, I'll keep 'em whilst I live  
Here in my bosom, there's no art in 'em.  
They lie disordered in this paper, just  
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

*Gob.* And to me

He writes what tears of joy he shed to hear



How you were grown in every Vertue way,  
And yields all thanks to me for that dear care  
Which I was bound to have in training you:  
There is no Princess living that enjoys  
A Brother of that worth.

*Par.* My Lord, no Maid longs more for any thing, and feels more  
heat and cold within her breast, than I do now in hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much at this, he writes, he brings along with  
him a Husband for you, that same Captive Prince:  
And if he love you, as he makes a show,  
He will allow you freedom in your choice.

*Par.* And so he will, I warrant you,  
He will but offer, and give me the power  
To take, or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a Lady, I could not like  
That Man were bargain'd with before I chuse him.

*Par.* But I am not built on such wild humours,  
If I find him worthy, he is not less  
Because he's offer'd.

*Spa.* 'Tis true he is not, would he would seem less.

*Gob.* I think there is no Lady can affect  
Another Prince, your Brother standing by;  
He does eclipse Mens Vertues so with his.

*Spa.* I know a Lady may, and more I fear  
Another Lady will.

*Par.* Would I might see him.

*Gob.* Why so you shall: my businesses are great,  
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.

*Par.* I thank you good my Lord.

*Gob.* You will be ready, Madam? [Exit Gob.]

*Par.* Yes.

*Spa.* I do beseech you, Madam, send away

Your other Women, and receive from me

A few sad words, which set against your joys,

May make 'em shine the more.

*Par.* Sirs, leave me all. [Exeunt Women.]

*Spa.* I kneel a Stranger here, to beg a thing;

Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant;

'Tis such another strange ill-said Request,

As if a Beggar should intreat a King

To leave his Scepter and his Throne to him,

And take his Rags to wander o're the World

Hungry, and Cold.

*Par.* That were a strange Request.

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Par.* Then do not utter it.



*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, I, and granted, or I die:  
I am alham'd to speak it, but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her Woman  
That will not take something unreasonably  
To hazard saving of it: I shall seem  
A strange Petitioner, that with all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they give me ought,  
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:  
If you were foolish, you would hear my Prayer;  
If foul, you had not power to hinder me:  
He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it?

*Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the bounds  
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the power  
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

*Pan.* Why then 'tis idle, pray thee speak it out.

*Spa.* Your Brother brings a Prince into this Land,  
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withal, that every Maid  
That looks upon him, gives away her self  
To him for ever; and for you to have  
He brings him: and so mad is my demand,  
That I desire you not to have this Man,  
This excellent Man, for whom you need must die:  
If you should miss him, I do now expect  
You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weep.  
Rather, for I have found in all thy words  
A strange disjointed sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me, that you would not love him  
His own desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His own desire? why credit me, I have said  
I am no common Woer: If he shall woo me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear  
I will not love him; but if he will stay  
To have me woo him, I will promise thee  
He may keep all his Grace to himself  
And fear no ravishing from me.

*Spa.* 'Tis yet  
His own desire, but when he sees your face  
I fear it will not be; therefore I charge you  
As you have pity, stop those senses  
From his enchanting voice, close up those eyes  
That you may neither catch a dart from him.

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Nor he from you; I charge you as you hope  
To live in quiet, for when I am dead,  
For certain I shall walk to visit him,  
If he break promise with me: for as fast  
As Oaths without a formal Ceremony  
Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearless.

For if he were a thing 'twixt God and Man,  
I could gaze on him; if I knew it sin  
To love him without passion: Dry your eyes,  
I swear you shall enjoy him still for me,  
I will not hinder you; but I perceive  
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, *Thalesfris*;  
If your right name be so.

*Spa.* Indeed it is not,  
*Spacomia* is my name; but I desire  
Not to be known to others.

*Pan.* Why, by me you shall not,  
I will never do you wrong,  
What good I can, I will; think not my Birth  
Or Education such, that I should injure  
A stranger Virgin: You are welcome hither,  
In Company you wish to be commanded,  
But when we are alone, I shall be ready  
To be your Servant.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Men, and a Woman.*

- 1 Come, come, run, run.
- 2 We shall out go her.
- 3 One were better be hang'd, then carry Women out fiddling to these shews.

*Wom.* Is the King hard by?

1 You heard he with the Bottles said, he thought we should come too late: what abundance of People here is?

*Wom.* But what had he in those bottles?

- 3 I know not.
- 2 Why, Ink, goodman fool.
- 3 Ink, what to do?

1 Why, the King look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

*Wom.* Let's take our places, we shall have no room else.

- 2 The man told us he would walk afoot through the People.
- 3 I marry did he.
- 1 Our Shops are well look'd to now.
- 2 'Slife, yonder's my Master, I think.
- 1 No, 'tis not he.

*Enter*

## A King and no King.

*Enter a Man with two Citizens Wives.*

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the Fields be, what sweet living 'tis in the Country?

2 *Cit.* I, poor Souls, God help 'em; they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My Husbands Conscience would have had me gone into the Country last year, wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit.* I, poor Souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit.* And what kind of Creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good People, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go with me down this Summer, when I am brought to bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, pray thee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there, there's no body cries brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk? how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves in the Country.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord, but the People there I think will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* I, God knows will they, and yet they do not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not, alas? I good faith I cannot blame them, for we do not greatly care for them our selves.

*Philip.* I pray chuse us a place.

*Philip.* There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good People, a little.

3 What's the matter?

*Phil.* I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my Mistress so, she's with Child.

2 Let her look to herself then, has she not had shoving enough yet? if she stay shouldring here, she may have go home with a Cake in her belly.

3 How now goodman squitter breech, why do you lean on me?

*Phil.* Because I will.

3 Will you, Sir sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look if one ha' not strook *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?

*Phil.* For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

*Phil.* I did not think he would have strook me.

1 *Cit.* As God save me la, thou'rt as wild as a Buck, there's no quarrel but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 It's at the first end then, for he'll never stay the last.

1 *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Well, slipstring, I shall meet with you.

2. When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a Crown to meet with you.

3 At a Bawdy-house.

1 *Cit.* I, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

*Flourish, Enter one running.*

4 The King, the King, the King, the King.

Now, now, now, now.

*Flourish: Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, the two Kings, and Mardonius;*

*All.* God preserve your Majesty.

*Arb.* I thank you all, now are my joys at full,  
When I behold you safe, my loving Subjects;  
By you I grow, 'tis your united love  
That lifts me to this height:

All the account that I can render you  
For all the love you have bestowed on me,  
All your expences to maintain my War,  
Is but a little word, you will imagine  
'Tis slender payment, yet 'tis such a word  
As is not to be bought, but with our blood,  
'Tis Peace.

*All.* God preserve your Majesty.

*Arb.* Now you may live securely in your Towns,  
Your Children round about you; you may sit  
Under your Vines, and make the miseries  
Of other Kingdoms, a discourse for you,  
And lend them sorrows: For your selves you may  
Safely forget there are such things as tears.  
And may you all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd:  
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life  
A Sacrifice too great to keep you thus,  
In such a calm estate.

*All.* God bless your Majesty.

*Arb.* See all, good People, I have brought the Man  
Whose very Name you fear'd, a Captive home:  
Behold him, 'tis Tigranes; in your heart  
Sing Songs of gladness, and deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him.

2 *Cit.* How he looks!

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him.

*Mar.* These are sweet People.

*Tigr.* Sir, you do me wrong,  
To render me a scorn'd spectacle  
To common People.

*Arb.* It was far from me



To mean it so: if I have ought deserv'd,  
 My loving Subjects, let me beg of you  
 Not to revile this Prince, in whom their dwells  
 All worth, of which the nature of a Man  
 Is capable, valour beyond compare,  
 The terror of his name has stretcht it self  
 Where ever there is Sun: and yet for you  
 I fought him single, and I won him too;  
 I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,  
 Soar'd to so un-believ'd a height, to fall  
 Beneath mine: This, inspired with all your loves,  
 I did perform, and will for your content  
 Be ever ready for a greater work.

*All.* The Lord bless your Majesty.

*Tigr.* So, he has made me amends now, with a Speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain glorious.

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may  
 Do good to any Creature, here speak out;  
 For I must leave you, and it troubles me,  
 That my Occasions for the good of you,  
 Are such as call me from you; else, my joy  
 Would be to spend my days amongst you all.  
 You shew your loves in these large multitudes  
 That come to meet me, I will pray for you,  
 Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,  
 And live to see your Childrens Children  
 Sit at your boards with plenty: when there is  
 A want of any thing, let it be known  
 To me, and I will be a Father to you:  
 God keep you all.

*Flourish.*

*[Exeunt Kings, and their Train.]*

*All.* God bless your Majesty, God bless your Majesty.

1 Come, shall we go? all's done.

*Wom.* I, for Gods sake, I have not made a fire yet.

2 Away, away, all's done.

3 Content, farewell *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-sack you.

2 *Philip* will not fight, he's afraid on's face.

*Phil.* I marry, am I afraid of my face.

3. Thou wouldst be, *Philip*, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visour.

*[Exeunt 2. 3. and Women.]*

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, Sirrah: Come, *Philip*, walk afore us homewards; did not his Majesty say he had brought us home Peace for all our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.*



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*1 Cit.* The're the first I heard on this year by my troth, I long'd  
for some of 'em. Did he not say we should have some?

*2 Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one  
a peck brought home to our houses.

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A C T III.

*Enter Arabaces, and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* MY Sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill,  
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,  
To have her Husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why *Gobrias*, let her; I must have her know  
My will, and not her own, must govern her:  
What, will she marry with some Slave at home?

*Gob.* O she is far from any stubbornness,  
You much mistake her, and no doubt will like  
Where you will have her; but when you behold her,  
You will be loth to part with such a Jewel.

*Arb.* To part with her, why *Gobrias* art thou mad?  
She is my Sister.

*Gob.* Sir, I know she is:  
But it were pity to make poor our Land,  
With such a Beauty, to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish, will she have him?

*Gob.* I do hope she will not, I think she will, Sir.

*Arb.* Were she my Father, and my Mother too,  
And all the names for which we think folks friends,  
She should be forc'd to have him when I know  
'Tis fit: I will not hear her say she's loth.

*Gob.* Heaven bring my purpose luckily to pass,  
You know 'tis just, she will not need constraint,  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me, speak?

*Gob.* She loves you more than People love their health  
That live by labour, more than I could love  
A Man that died for me, if he could live again.

*Arb.* She is not like her Mother then.

*Gob.* O no, when you were in *Armenia*,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:  
For at the first on every little scratch,  
She kept her Chamber, wept, and would not eat,  
'Till you were well; and many times the news  
Was so long coming, that before we heard,

E

She

## A King and no King

She was as near her death, as you your health.

*Arb.* Alas poor soul, but yet she must be rul'd; I know not how I shall requite her well, I long to see her; have you sent for her, To tell her I am ready?

*Gob.* Sir, I have.

[Enter *Gent.* and *Tigranes.*

*Gent.* Sir, here is the *Armenian King*.

*Arb.* He's welcome.

*Gent.* And the *Queen-Mother*, and the *Princess* wait without.

*Arb.* Good *Gobrias* bring 'em in.

[Exit *Gobrias.*

*Tigranes*, you will think you are arriv'd

In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poison

Their only Sons; think you you shall be safe?

*Tigr.* Too safe I am, Sir.

Enter *Gobrias*, *Arane*, *Panthæa*, *Spaconia*, *Bacurius*, *Mardonius*, and *Bellus*, and two *Gentlemen*, *Attendants*, and *Guardians*.

*Ara.* As low as this I bow to you, and would

As low as is my grave, to shew a mind

Thankful for all your mercies.

*Arb.* O stand up.

And let me kneel, the light will be ashamed

To see observance done to me by you.

*Ara.* You are my King.

*Arb.* You are my Mother, rise;

As far be all your faults from your own Soul,

As from my memory; then you shall be

As white as Innocence her self.

*Ara.* I came

Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge

My sorrow for my sins, longer to stay

Were but to draw eyes more attentively

Upon my shame: That power that kept you safe

From me, preserve you still.

*Arb.* Your own desires shall be your guide. [Exit *Ara.*

*Pan.* Now let me die,

Since I have seen my Lord the King return

In safety, I have seen all good that life

Can shew me; I have ne'er another wish

For Heaven to grant, nor were it fit I should:

For I am bound to spend my Age to come

In giving thanks that this was granted me.

*Gob.* Why does not your Majesty speak?

*Arb.* To whom?

*Gob.* To the Princess.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, I am fearful; you do look

On me, as if I were some loathed thing;

That

That you were finding out a way to shun.

*Gob.* Sir you should speak to her.

*Arb.* Ha?

*Pan.* I know I am unworthy; yet not ill  
Arm'd, with which innocence here I will kneel  
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain  
Some words and kind ones from you.

*Tig.* Will you speak, Sir?

*Arb.* Speak, am I what I was?

What art thou that dost creep into my breast,  
And dar'st not see my face? shew forth thy self:  
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd  
Hither, from thence; you shall not tarry here,  
Up, and begone, if thou beest Love, begone,  
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,  
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill  
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,  
Write to thy laughing Mother i'thy blood,  
That you are Powers belid, and all your darts  
Are to be blown away by men resolv'd  
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

*Tig.* O misery, why should he be so slow!  
There can no falsehood come of loving her,  
Though I have given my faith; she is a thing  
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith:  
I would he would present me to her quickly.

*Pan.* Will not you speak at all? are you so far  
From kind words? yet to save my modesty  
That must talk till you answer, do not stand  
As you were dumb, say something though it be  
Poyson'd with anger that may strike me dead.

*Mar.* have you no life at all? for manhoods sake  
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus;  
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,  
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

*Arb.* You mean this Lady: lift her from the earth;  
Why do you let her kneel so long? alas,  
Madam, your beauty uses to command,  
And not to beg; what is your sute to me?  
It shall be grantd, yet the time is short,  
And my affairs are great: but where's my Sister?  
I bad she should be brought.

*Mar.* What is he mad?

*Arb.* Gobrias, where is she?

*Gob.* Sir.

*Arb.* Where is she, man?

*Gob.* Who, Sir?

*Arb.* Who hast thou forgot my Sister?

*Gob.* Your Sister, Sir?

*Arb.* Your Sister, Sir? some one that hath a wit, answer;  
is she?

*Gob.* Do you not see her there?

*Arb.* Where?

*Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There, where?

*Mar.* 'Slight, there, are you blind?

*Arb.* Which do you mean, that little one?

*Gob.* No, Sir.

*Arb.* No, Sir, why do you mock me? I can see.  
No other here, but that Petitioning Lady.

*Gob.* That's she.

*Arb.* Away.

*Gob.* Sir, it is she.

*Arb.* 'Tis false.

*Gob.* Is it?

*Arb.* As Hell, by Heaven as false as Hell;  
My Sister: Is she dead? if it be so,  
Speak boldly to me: for I am a Man,  
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;  
And do not think to cozen me with this:  
I see you all are mute, and stand amaz'd,  
Fearful to answer me; it is too true,  
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life,  
For which to mourn, is to repine; she dy'd  
A Virgin, though more innocent then sheep,  
As clear as her own eyes, and blessedness  
Eternal waits upon her where she is:  
I know she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new, and you shall see me bear  
My Crosses like a Man; we all must die,  
And she hath taught us how.

*Gob.* Do not mistake,  
And vex your self for nothing; for her death  
Is a long life off, I hope: 'Tis she,  
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which, good Gobrius?  
That Lady dost thou mean?

*Gob.* That Lady, Sir,  
She is your Sister, and she is your Sister  
That loves you so, 'tis she for whom I weep

To see you use her thus.

*Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tigr.* Pish, this is tedious,  
I cannot help, I must present my self;  
And yet the sight of my *Spaconia*  
Touches me, as a sudden Thunder-clap.  
Does one that is about to Sin.

*Arb.* Away.

No more of this, here I pronounce him Traytor;  
The direct Plotter of my death, that names  
Or thinks her for my Sister; 'tis a lie,  
The most malicious of the world, invented  
To mad your King; he that will say so next,  
Let him draw out his Sword, and sheath it here;  
It is a Sin fully as pardonable:  
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be;  
If she were ever, I create her none:  
And which of you can question this? My Power  
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,  
And not disputed with: I have decreed her  
As far from having part of blood with me,  
As the naked *Indians*: come, and answer me,  
He that is boldest now, is that my Sister?

*Mar.* O this is fine.

*Bef.* No marry is she not, an't please your Majesty,  
I never thought she was, she's nothing like you.

*Arb.* No, 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou should'st be hang'd.

*Pan.* Sir, I will speak but once: by the same Power  
You make my blood a stranger unto yours;  
You may Command me dead, and so much love  
A stranger may importune, pray you do;  
If this Request appear too much to grant,  
Adopt me of some other Family,  
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live  
Like sinful issues that are left in streets  
By their regardless Mothers, and no name  
Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will hear no more,  
Why should there be such musick in a voice,  
And Sin for me to hear it? all the world  
May take delight in this, and 'tis damnation  
For me to do so: You are fair, and wise,  
And vertuous, I think, and he is blest  
That is so near you as your Brother is:  
But you are nought to me but a disease;

Continuall



Continual torment, without hope of ease:  
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,  
That he that undertakes my Cure, must first  
O'rethrow Divinity, all Moral Laws,  
And leave Mankind as unconfin'd as Beasts,  
Allowing 'em to do all actions,  
As freely as they drink when they desire:  
Let me not hear you speak again; yet see  
I shall but languish for the want of that,  
The having which would kill me: No Man here  
Offer to speak for her; for I consider  
As much as you can say, I will not toil  
My body and my mind too, rest thou there,  
Here's one within will labour for you both.

*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Fear not, Madam, the King will alter, 'tis some sudden rage,  
And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray God it do.

*Tigr.* Though she to whom I swore, be here, I cannot  
Stifle my passion longer: if my Father  
Should rise again disquieted with this,  
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out:  
Madam, a Stranger, and a Prisoner begs  
To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,

I think, but if you be not, 'tis past me  
To make you so: for I am here a stranger  
Greater than you: we know from whence you come,  
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
Is yet uncertain, found here in the Court,  
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,  
As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* O I fear

*Tigranes* will be caught, he looks methinks,  
As he would change his eyes with her: some help  
There is above for me I hope.

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away and weep so fast,  
And utter things that mis-become your look:  
Can you want owning?

*Spa.* O 'tis certain so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge your self mine.

*Arb.* How now?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Arb.* They are talking.

*Tigr.* Nations shall own you for their Queen.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* Tigranes, art not thou my prisoner?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Arb.* And who is this?

*Tigr.* She is your Sister.

*Arb.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so again? that's well.

*Arb.* And how dare you then offer to change words with her?

*Tigr.* Dare it, why? you brought me hither, Sir,  
To that intent.

*Arb.* Perhaps I told you so,  
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly  
To credit it? the least words that she speaks  
Is worth a life: rule your disordered tongue,  
Or I will temper it.

*Spa.* Blest be that breath,

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue? such incivilities  
As these, no barbarous people ever knew:  
You break the laws of Nature, and of Nations;  
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner  
For theft: my tongue be temper'd? I must speak  
If thunder check me, and I will.

*Arb.* You will.

*Spa.* Alas my fortune.

*Tigr.* Do not fear his frown, dear Madam, hear me.

*Arb.* Fear not my frown? but that 'twere base in me  
To fight with one I know I can o'come,  
Again thou shouldst be conquer'd by me.

*Mar.* He has one ranome with him already, methinks 'twere  
good to fight double or quit.

*Arb.* Away with him to prison: Now, Sir, see  
If my frown be regardless: why delay you?  
Seize him *Bacurins*, you shall know my word  
Sweeps like a wind, and all it grapples with.  
Are as the chaff before it.

*Tig.* touch me not.

*Arb.* Help there.

*Tig.* Away.

1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forc'd.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us, we must obey.

*Arb.* Why do you dally there? drag him away  
By any thing.

*Bac.* Come, Sir,

*Tig.* Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough  
To shake all these off, this is tyranny,

*Arbaces*, subtiler then burning Bulls,

Or that fam'd Tyrant's Bed. Thou might'st as well  
Search i'the deep of Winter through the Snow  
For half-starv'd People, to bring home with thee  
To shew 'em fire, and send em back again,  
As use me thus.

*Arb.* Let him be close, *Bacurius*.

[*Exit Tig. and Bac.*]

*Spa.* I ne'er rejoyc'd at any ill to him,  
But this imprisonment: what shall become  
Of me forsaken?

[*Exit Spaconia*]

*Gob.* You will not let your Sister  
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

*Arb.* By no means, *Gobrias*, I have done her wrong,  
And made my self believe much of my self,  
That is not in me: You did kneel to me,  
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by;  
And like a God incensed, gave no ear  
To all your Prayers: behold I kneel to you,  
Shew a contempt as large as my own,  
And I will suffer it, yet at the last forgive me.

*Pan.* O you wrong me more in this,  
Then in your rage you did: you mock me now.

*Arb.* Never forgive me then, which is the worst  
Can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look  
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.

*Arb.* Rise yon then too; here I acknowledge thee  
My hope, the only jewel of my life,  
The best of Sisters, dearer than my breath,  
A happiness as high as I could think;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
Perdition light upon me,

*Pan.* This is better  
Then if you had not frown'd; it comes to me  
Like mercy at the block; and when I leave  
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me.

*Arb.* Then thus I do salute thee, and again,  
To make this knot the stronger; Paradise  
Is there: It may be you are yet in doubt,  
This third-kiss blots it out. I wade in sin,  
And foolishly intice my self along:  
Take her away, see her a Prisoner  
In her own Chamber, closely, *Gobrias*.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, why?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer, do it,

*Gob.* Good Sir.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* No more ; do it I say.

*Mar.* This is better, and better.

*Pan.* Yet hear me speak.

*Arb.* I will not hear you speak.

Away with her, let no man think to speak  
For such a Creature : for she is a Witch,  
A Poysoner, and a Traitor.

*Gob.* Madam, this Office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well the King is pleas'd with it.

*Arb.* *Bessus*, go you along too with her ; I will prove  
All this that I have said, if I may live  
So long : but I am desperately sick,  
For she has given me poyson in a kiss ;  
She had't betwixt her lips, and with her eyes  
She witches people ; go without a word. [*Exeunt Gob. Pan. & Bes.*]  
Why should you that have made me stand in war  
Like Fate it self, cutting what threds I pleas'd,  
Decree such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories ? What am I, alas,  
That you oppose me ? if my secret thoughts  
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you, and it is in you  
To give me sorrow, that will render me  
Apt to receive your mercy ; rather so  
Let it be rather so, than punish me.  
With such unmanly Sins : Incest is in me  
Dwelling already, and it must be holy  
That pulls it thence ; where art, *Mardonius* ?

*Mar.* Here, Sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee bear me, if thou canst.  
Am not I grown a strange weight ?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier ?

*Mar.* No, Sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs  
Refuse to bear my body : O *Mardonius*,  
Thou hast in Field beheld me, when thou know'st  
I could have gone, though I could never run,

*Mar.* And so I shall again.

*Arb.* O no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you go rest your self.

*Arb.* Wilt thou hereafter, when they talk of me,  
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things ?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee do : for thou shalt never see me so again. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bessus alone.*

*Bes.* They talk of game, I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth, some will say they could be content to have, but that it is to be atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in Cannon proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it: my reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which no body knows but *Mardonius*; and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the Town a young fellow without means, or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts perswaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meat, which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cry'd out on me, rail still; then methought I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. P'this state I continued 'till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wi' halle sticks, as if they would ha' baked me, and have cozen'd some body wi' me for Venison. After this I railed, and eat quietly: for the whole Kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipt fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad, I would it were at that pass again. After this, God call'd an Aunt of mine, that left two hundred pound in a Cousins hand for me who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rais'd a Company for me, with the money, and sent me into *Armenia* with 'em: Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not run. I was never at battel but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid, that I saw no more then my shoulders do, but fled with my whole Company amongst my Enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd. A pox of their eloquence; 'twill cost me many a beating: And *Mardonius* might help this too, if he would, for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly, worthily, as they call it, by way of Challenge.

*Enter a Gent.*

3 *Gent.* Good morrow, Captain *Bessus*.

*Bes.* Good morrow, Sir.

3 *Gent.* I come to speak with you.

*Bes.* You're very welcome.

3 *Gent.* From one that holds himself wronged by you, some three years since: your worth he says is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a Souldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em, so they cry all.

3 *Gent.* And a light note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me; 'tis an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

*Bes.*



*Bef.* 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?

*3 Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bef.* An inviting? O cry you mercy, what a complement he delivers it with? he might, as agreeable to my nature, present me poyson with such a speech: um um um reputation, um um um call you to account, um um um fore'd to this, um um um with my sword, um um um like a Gentleman, um um um dear to me, um um um satisfaction: 'tis very well, Sir I do accept it, but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

*3 Gent.* Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

*Bef.* Sir upon my credit I am already ingag'd to two hundred and twelve, all which must have their stains wip't off, if that be the word, before him.

*3 Gent.* Sir, if you be truly ingag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

*Bef.* Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve, and I have a spent body, too much bruise'd in battel, so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day: All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolutely, in my roll the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is some thing: for I tell you I think there will be more after him, than before him. I think so: Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

*3 Gent.* I will, Sir, good morrow to you

[*Exit 3 Gent.*]

*Bef.* Good morrow, good Sir. Certainly my safest way were to print my self a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post: I have receiv'd above thirty challenges within this two hours, marry all but the first I put off with ingagement, and my good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I, so that's referr'd, the place where it must be ended, is four days journey off, and our arbitrators are these: He has chosen a Gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a Quartan Ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friends health: If they would find me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living; I can make seven shillings a day o'the paper to the Grocers: yet I learn nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I do find evidently that there is some one Scrivener in this Town, that has a great hand in writing of Challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction. Who's there? more paper I hope; no, 'tis my Lord *Bachrins*, I fear all is not well betwixt us.

*Bac.* Now Captain *Bessus*, I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report: you know you were a Coward.

*Bef.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wrong'd me.

*Bef.* True, my Lord.

*Bac.* But now people will call you valiant, desertlessly I think, yet for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

*Bef.* O my good Lord, my deep ingagements.

*Bac.* Tell not me of your ingagements, Captain *Bessus*; it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from Coward.

*Bef.* My Lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintain it.

*Bac.* Who then, pray?

*Bef.* *Bessus* the Coward wrong'd you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bef.* And shall *Bessus* the valiant maintain what *Bessus* the Coward did?

*Bac.* I pray thee leave these cheating tricks, I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beat extreamly, and kick'd.

*Bef.* Since you provoke me thus far, my Lord, I will fight with you: and by my Sword, it shall cost me twenty pound, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg? why? what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you, stand up.

*Bef.* My Lord, this is not noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a Phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

*Bef.* My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a Coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confess thy self a Coward still, or by this Light, I'll beat thee into Sponge.

*Bef.* Why I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so, Sir? and why do you wear a Sword then? Come, unbuckle, quick.

*Bef.* My Lord.

*Bac.* Unbuckle, I say, and give it me, or as I live, thy head will ake extreamly.

*Bef.* It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you for a New-years-gift.

*Bac.* I thank you heartily, sweet Captain, farewell.

*Bef.* One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife again.

*Bac.* Marry by all means, Captain, cherish your self with it, and eat hard, good Captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such: Adieu, dear Captain. [Exit Bacurius.]

*Bef.* I will make better use of this, than of my Sword: A base Spirit has this vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the  
King

King in a great audience, that I would make my backbiters eat my Sword to a knife; how to get another Sword I know not, nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that is left uneaten of my Sword.

[Exit Bellus.

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* Ple move the King, he's most strangely alter'd; I guess the Cause I fear too right, Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge no question justly laid upon him: He has followed me through twenty rooms, and ever when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a Girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business: So turns away from me, but if I go on, he follows me again.

[Enter Arbaces.

See, here he is, I do not use this, yet I know not how, I cannot chuse but weep to see him: his very Enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot utter it, why should I keep  
A breast to harbour thoughts, I dare not speak?  
Darkness is in my bosom, and there lies  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light;  
How wilt thou vex me when this deed is done?  
Conscience, thou art afraid to let me name it.

*Mar.* How do you, Sir?

*Arb.* Why very well, *Mardonius*, how dost thou do?

*Mar.* Better than you, I fear.

*Arb.* I hope thou art, for to be plain with thee,  
Thou art in Hell else, secret scorching flames,  
That far transcend earthly material fires,  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure;  
Is not that strange, *Mardonius*, there is no cure?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid  
That you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is, but yet I cannot do it.

*Mar.* Out with it, Sir, if it be dangerous I shall not shrink to do you service, I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is, I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours, and I were better lose it in my King's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or sleeping, to a Thief; as all these are probable enough: let me but know what I shall do for you.

*Arb.* It will not out: were you with *Gobrias*,  
And bad him give my Sister all content  
The place affords, and give her leave to send  
And speak to whom she please?

*Mar.* Yes, Sir, I was.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* And did you to *Bacchus* say as much  
About *Tigranes*?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* O say not so.

You had an answer of this before;  
Besides, I think this business might be utter'd  
More carelessly.

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out; I do beseech thee  
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,  
To see my Sister from me.

*Mar.* Well, and what?

*Arb.* That's all.

*Mar.* That's strange, shall I say nothing to her?

*Arb.* Not a word.

But if thou lovest me, find some subtle way  
To make her understand by signs.

*Mar.* But what should I make her understand?

*Arb.* O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardoned.

*Mar.* You may, but I can only see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;

Bear her this Ring then, and on more advice  
Thou shalt speak to her: tell her I do love  
My kindred all; wilt thou?

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* O yes, and her the best;

Better than any brother loves his sister: That's all.

*Mar.* Methinks this

Need not have been delivered with such a caution;  
I'll do it.

*Arb.* There is more yet,  
Wilt thou be faithful to me?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it,  
I'll pass through fire to do it.

*Arb.* I love her better than a brother ought;  
Dost thou conceive me?

*Mar.* I hope I do, Sir.

*Arb.* No, thou art dull, kneel down before her,  
And ne'er rise again, 'till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I think she does.

*Arb.* But better than she does; another way;  
As Wives love Husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I think there are few Wives that love their  
Husbands better than she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me: is it fit  
This should be utter'd plainly; take it then



Naked as it is: I would desire her love

Laciviously, lewdly, incestuously,

To do a Sin that needs must damn us both;

And thee too: Dost thou understand me now?

*Mar.* Yes, there's your Ring again; what have I done

Dishonestly in my whole life, name it,

That you should put so base a business to me?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me thou would'st do it?

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertook it; but if all

My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd

In such a Cause to save my last life.

*Arb.* O guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou?

This Man that is my Servant, whom my breath

Might blow about the World, might beat me here

Having his Cause, whilst I prest down with sin

Could not resist him. Hear, *Mardonius*,

It was a motion mis-beseeming man,

And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Pray God you may be so: you must understand, nothing that you can utter, can remove my love and service from my Prince. But otherwise, I think I shall not love you more. For you are sinful, and if you do this Crime, you ought to have no laws. For after this it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender for any crime: For my self, I find my heart too big: I feel I have not patience to look on whilst you run these forbidden courses: Means I have none but your Favour, and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such Conditions; I shall find a dwelling amongst some People, where though our Garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. God preserve you, and mend you.

*Arb.* *Mardonius*, stay, *Mardonius*, for though

My present state require nothing but Knaves

To be about me, such as are prepar'd

For every wicked act, yet who does know

But that my loathed Fate may turn about,

And I have use of honest men again?

I hope I may, I prethee leave me not.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where's the King?

*Mar.* There.

*Bes.* An't please your Majesty, there's the knife.

*Arb.* What knife?

*Bes.* The Sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away, you Fool, the King is serious,  
And cannot now admit your Vanities.

*Bes.*

*Bef.* Vanities! I'm no honest man if my Enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well, *Bessus*, 'tis very well, I am glad on't.

*Mar.* If your Enemies brought it to that, your Enemies are Cutlers, come, leave the King.

*Bef.* Why may not Valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes, but he has Affairs, depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you.

*Arb.* No, let him stay, *Mardonius*, let him stay, I have occasions with him very weighty, And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir.

*Arb.* Why I can spare you now.

*Bef.* *Mardonius*, give way to the State Affairs.

*Mar.* Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit Mar.*]

*Arb.* *Bessus* I should employ thee; wilt thou do't?

*Bef.* Do't for you? by this air, I will do any thing without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Do not Swear.

*Bef.* By this light, but I will, any thing whatsoever.

*Arb.* But I shall name a thing.

Thy Conscience will not suffer thee to do.

*Bef.* I would fain hear that thing.

*Arb.* Why I would fain have thee get my Sister for me: Thou understandest me, in a wicked manner.

*Bef.* O you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't I'faith.

*Arb.* Wilt thou, dost thou make no more on't?

*Bef.* More? no, why is there any thing else? if there be, tell me, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?

Thou art too wicked for my Company,  
Though I have Hell within me, thou may'st yet  
Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me,  
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bef.* Why your Majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,  
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing  
That I have ever met with: Thou hast eyes  
Like flames of Sulphur, which methinks do dart  
Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth  
Enough to take me in, where there do stand  
Four rows of Iron teeth.

*Bef.* I feel no such thing, but 'tis no matter how I look, I'll do your business as well as they that look better, and when this is dispatch,

patch, if you have a mind to your Mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Art.* My Mother! Heaven forgive me! To hear this, I am inspired with horror: I hate thee Worse than my sin, which if I could come by Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise In any breast again. Know I will die Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall, E're I will deal by such an Instrument: Thou art too sinful to employ in this. Out of the World, away.

*Bef.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Art.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight Into the Desarts, where, 'mong' all the Monsters, If thou find'st one so beastly as thy self, Thou shalt be held as innocent.

*Bef.* Good Sir.

*Art.* If there were no such Instruments as thou, We Kings could never act such wicked deeds: Seek out a Man that Mocks Divinity, That breaks each Precept both of God and Man, And Nature too, and does it without lust, Meerly because it is a Law, and good, And live with him: for him thou canst not spoil. Away I say, I will not do this sin. [Exit Befus.] I'll press it here, 'till it do break my breast, It heaves to get out, but thou art a sin, And spight of torture I will keep thee in.

ACT IV.

Enter Gobrias, Panthas, Spaconia.

*Gob.* **H**AVE you written, Madam?

*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias.

*Gob.* And with a kindness, and such winning words As may provoke him at one instant feel His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words may win him From his displeasure; and such words I hope, As shall gain much upon his goodness: *Gobrias.* Yet fearing since they are many, and a Woman, A poor belief may follow, I have woven As many truths within 'em to speak for me, That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em.

**Gob.** Good Lady, be not fearful, though he should not  
Give you your present end in this; believe it,  
You shall feel, if your Vertue can induce you  
To labour on't, this tempest which I know  
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience:  
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,  
Newer and sweeter to you, your Royal Brother,  
When he shall once collect himself, and see  
How far he has been asunder from himself;  
What a meer stranger to his golden temper:  
Must from those roots of vertue never dying,  
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again  
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches  
High as our hopes can look at, straight as Justice,  
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,  
I know it, and I hope I need not farther  
Win you to understand it.

**Pan.** I believe it.

But howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;  
So dearly, that if any thing I write  
For my enlarging, should beget his anger,  
Heaven be a witness with me and my faith,  
I had rather live intomb'd here.

**Gob.** You shall not feel a worse throak than your grief.  
I am sorry his so sharp, I kiss your hand,  
And this night will deliver this true story,  
With this hand to your Brother. **[Exit Gob.]**

**Pan.** Peace go with you, you are a good man.  
My Spaconia, why are you ever sad thus?

**Spa.** O dear Lady!

**Pan.** Prithee discover not a way to sadness;  
Nearer then I have in me, but two sorrows  
Work like two eager Hawks, who shall get highest:  
How shall I lessen thine? for mine I fear  
Is easier known than cur'd.

**Spa.** Heaven comfort both,  
And give you happy ends, however I, **II**  
Fall in my stubborn Fortunes.

**Pan.** This but teaches  
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,  
That are too wuth our Masters: good Spaconia,  
How shall I do you service?

**Spa.** Noblest Lady,  
You make me more a Slave still to your goodness,  
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you,  
For that is all the business of my life now;  
I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To ask a noble favour of you.



*Pan.* Speak it, 'tis yours, for from so sweet a virtue,  
No ill demand has issue.

*Spa.* Then ever virtuous, let me beg your will  
In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,  
With whom I'm equal Prætor, if not more.

*Pan.* Reserve me to a greater end; *Spaconia*,  
*Bacchus* cannot want so much good manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation,  
Though you came only with your own command.

*Spa.* I know they will deny me, gracious Madam,  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,  
So utter empty of these excellencies,  
That tame Authority; but in you, sweet Lady,  
All these are natural; beside a power  
Deriv'd immediate from your Royal Brother,  
Whose least word in you, may command the Kingdom.

*Pan.* More than my word, *Spaconia*, you shall carry,  
For fear it fail you.

*Spa.* Dare you trust a token?  
Madam, I fear I am too bold a beggar.

*Pan.* You are a pretty one, and trust me, Lady,  
It joys me I shall do a good to you,  
Though to my self I never shall be happy:  
Here take this Ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it; I think they will not stay you:  
So all your own desires go with you, Lady.

*Spa.* And sweet peace to your Grace.  
*Pan.* Pray God I find it.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Tigranes in Prison.*

*Tig.* Fool that I am, I have undone my self,  
And with my own hand turn'd my Fortune round,  
That was a fair one: I have childishly  
Play'd with my hope so long, 'till I have broke it,  
And now too late I mourn for't: O *Spaconia*,  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.  
Why didst thou follow me like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? but wretched fool,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the Sun and me,  
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her  
To the fair Princess? O thou fool, thou fool,  
Thou Family of Fools, live like a Slave still,  
And in thee bear thine own Hell and thy torment;  
Thou hast deserv'd it: Couldst thou find no Lady  
But she that has thy hopes to put her to,  
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse  
But she that lov'd thee ever? poor *Spaconia*,  
And so much lov'd thee, that in honesty  
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues;

She that forgot the greatness of her grief  
 And miseries, that must follow such mad passions;  
 Endless and wild as women: She that for thee  
 And with thee left her liberty, her name,  
 And Country. You have paid me equal, Heavens,  
 And sent my own rod to correct me with:  
 A Woman for unconstancy I'll suffer;  
 Lay it on, Justice, 'till my soul melt in me  
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting  
 Upon a new face; after all my Oaths,  
 Many and strange ones,  
 I feel my old fire flame again and burn  
 So strong and violent, that should I see her  
 Again, the grief, and that would kill me.

*Enter Bacchus and Spaconia.*

*Bac.* Lady, Your token I acknowledge, you may pass;  
 There is the King.

*Spa.* I thank your Lordship for it. *[Exit Bac.]*

*Tigr.* She comes, she comes, shame hide me ever from  
 Her, would I were buried, or so far remov'd  
 Light might not find me out: I dare not see her.

*Spa.* Nay never hide your self; or were you hid  
 Where Earth hides all her riches, near her center  
 My wrongs without more delay would light me to you;  
 I must speak ere I die; were all your Greatness  
 Doubled upon you, you're a perjurd Man  
 And only mighty in your wickedness  
 Of wronging Women. Thou art false, false Prince;  
 I live to see it, poor *Spaconia* lives

To tell thee thou art false; and then no more:  
 She lives to tell thee thou art more unconstant  
 Than all ill Women ever were together;  
 Thy faith as firm as raging overflows  
 That no bank can command; as lasting  
 As Boys gay bubbles blown in the air and broken:  
 The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall  
 The beaten Mariner with his shrill whistle  
 Cahn the loud murmur of the troubled main,  
 And strike it smooth again; than thy Soul fall  
 To have peace in love with any: Thou art all  
 That all good men must hate, and if thy story  
 Shall tell succeeding Ages what thou wert,  
 O let it spare me in it, lest true Lovers  
 In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black Legend,  
 And with their Curses shake thy sleeping ashes.

*Tigr.* O! O!

*Spa.* The Destinies I hope have pointed out *Our*

Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,  
Though not for me: for this assure thy self,  
The Princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
Be won to marry with a Bull, and safer  
Than such a beast as thou art. I have strook  
I fear too deep; bestrow me for't, Sir,  
This sorrow works me like a cunning friendship,  
Into the same piece with it; 'tis ashamed.  
Alas, I have been too rugged: Dear my Lord,  
I am sorry I have spoke any thing,  
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
To that too much you have: Good Sir, be pleas'd  
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;  
And do as I will do, forgive it, Prince,  
I do, and can forgive the greatest sins  
To me you can repent of; pray believe.

*Tigr.* O my *Spacoma*! O thou vertuous Woman!

*Spa.* No more, the King, Sir.

*Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, Mardonius.*

*Arb.* Have you been careful of our Noble Prisoner,  
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

*Bac.* I hope his Grace will quite me for my care, Sir.

*Arb.* 'Tis well: Royal *Tigranes*, health.

*Tigr.* More than the strictness of this place can give, Sir,  
I offer back again to great *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* We thank you, worthy Prince, and pray excuse us,  
We have not seen you since your being here,  
I hope your noble usage has been equal  
With your own person: your imprisonment  
If it be any, I dare say is easie,  
And shall not out-last two days.

*Tigr.* I thank you:

My usage here has been the same it was,  
Worthy a Royal Conquerour. For my restraint,  
It came unkindly, because much unlook't for;  
But I must bear it.

*Arb.* What Lady's that, *Bacurius*?

*Bac.* One of the Princess Women, Sir.

*Arb.* I fear'd it, why comes she hither?

*Bac.* To speak with the Prince *Tigranes*.

*Arb.* From whom, *Bacurius*?

*Bac.* From the Princess, Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His Fit begins to take him now again.

'Tis a strange Fever; and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear;  
Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:  
Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list,  
and held the bravest Fellows; This pelting prating peace is good  
for nothing: drinking's a virtue to't.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,  
But for his own ends; why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your own command to bar none from him,  
Beside the Princess sent her Ring, Sir, for my warrant.

*Arb.* A token to *Tigranes*, did she not?  
Sir, tell truth.

*Bac.* I do not use to lie, Sir,  
'Tis no way I eat or live by, and I think,  
This is no token, Sir.

*Mar.* This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten,  
he had been temperate: I shall never see him handsome again, till  
he have a horse-man's staff yoked through his shoulders, or an arm  
broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am trifled with.

*Bac.* Sir.

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the clap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me so, Sir, I dare speak it,  
And durst a worse man tell me though my better——

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my Soul.

*Arb.* Sirrah, you answer, as you had no life.

*Bac.* that I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say, Sir, once again:

*Bac.* You may say what you please, Sir,  
Would I might do so.

*Arb.* I will, Sir, and say openly this woman carries letters,  
By my life, I know she carries letters, this woman does it.

*Mar.* Would *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search her,  
he would quickly tell you what she carried, Sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for Bawds, Chamber-  
maids, and Post-boys. I thank God I have none but his letters pa-  
tents, things of his own inditing.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Do, what, Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turn, Prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turne, Sir?

*Arb.* I, Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tigr.* Be plainer, good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love  
*Pampha.* By heaven, she shall not, I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a Saint swear like a Souldier.

*Tigr.* This beats me more, King, than the blows you gave me.

*Arb.* Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be,  
strictly and closely kept, or, Sirrah, your life shall answer it; and  
let no body speak with 'em hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subject to you,  
And must endure these passions.



*Spe.* This is the imprisonment I have look'd for allways.  
And the dear place I would chuse.

*Mar.* Sir, have you done well now?

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters, Sir, to anger you.

But a dry Sonnet of my Corporals

To an old Suters wife, and that ill's burn, Sir:

'Tis like to prove a fine age for the Ignorant.

*Arb.* How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?

Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you will not, or if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies

When I am dead? Who shall put to his power

To draw those virtues out of a stop of humours,

When they are drown'd, and make 'em thine again?

No, cut my head off:

Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse,

And have your too self-glorious temper rot

Into a dead sleep, and the Kingdom with you,

Till forreign Swords be in your throats, and slaughter

Be every where about you like your flatterers.

Do, kill me.

*Arb.* Prethes be tamer, good *Mardonius*.

Thou know'st I love thee, nay I honour thee,

Believe it, good old Souldier, I am thine,

But I am rackt clean from my self, bear with me,

Wilt thou bear with me, my *Mardonius*?

[Enter Gobrias.]

*Mar.* There comes a good man, love him too,

He's temperate.

You may live to have need of such a vertue,

Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome, good *Gobrias*.

*Gob.* My service and this letter to your Grace.

*Arb.* From whom?

*Gob.* From the rich mine of vertue, and all beauty,

Your mournful Sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, *Gobrias*, is she not?

*Gob.* She is, Sir, till your pleasure to enlarge her,

Which on my knees I beg. O 'tis not fit

That all the sweetness of the world in one,

The youth, and vertue that would tame wild Tygers

And wilder people, that have known no manners,

Should live thus cloyster'd up; for your loves sake,

If there be any in that noble heart

To



To her a wretched Lady, and forlorn,  
Or for her love to you; which is as much  
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,  
Have pity on her beauties.

*Arb.* pray thee stand up; 'Tis true she is too fair,  
And all these commendations but her own.  
Would thou hadst never so commended her,  
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, *Gobrias*;  
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,  
thou wouldst in Pity of her be a lyer:  
Thy ignorance has drawn me wretched man  
Whither my self nor thou canst well tell: O my fate!  
I think she loves me, but I fear another  
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, *Gobrias*?

*Gob.* I do beseech your grace, believe it not,  
For let me perish if it be not false,  
Good Sir, read her Letter.

*Mar.* This Love, or what a Devil it is I know not, begets more  
mischief than a Wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or loo-  
sie, than live within the air on't. He that had seen this brave Fel-  
low charge through a grove of Pikes but tother day, and look up-  
on him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again: If he continue thus  
but two days more, a Taylor may beat him with one hand tied be-  
hind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty.  
And there be thousand reasons, *Gobrias*,  
Thousands that will deny it:  
Which if she knew, she would contentedly  
Be were she is, and bless her vertue for it,  
And me, though she were closer. She would, *Gobrias*,  
Good man, indeed she would.

*Gob.* Then, good Sir, for her satisfaction,  
Send for her, and with reason make her know  
Why she must live thus from you.

*Arb.* I will; go bring her to me.

[*Exeunt all.*]

*Enter Bellus and two Sword-men, and a Boy.*

*Bes.* You're very welcome both, some Stools there, Boy,  
And reach a Table; Gentlemen o'th' Sword,  
Pray sit without more complement: begon child,  
I have been curious in the searching of you,  
Because I understand you wise, and valiant persons.

1 We understand our selves, Sir.

*Bes.* Nay Gentlemen, and my dear friends o'th' Sword,  
No complement, I pray, but to th' cause  
I hang upon, which in few, is my honour.

2 You cannot hang too much, Sir, for your honour,  
But to your cause.

*Bes.* Be wise, and speak truth, my first doubt is, my beating by  
my Prince.

1 Stay there a little, Sir, do you doubt a beating?  
Or have you hid a beating by your Prince?

*Bef.* Gentlemen o'th' Sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Brother, what think you of this case?

1 If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 If he have beaten him, I grant the case;

But how? We cannot be too subtle in this Business;

I say, but how?

*Bef.* Even with his Royal hand.

1 Was it a blow of Love or Indignation?

*Bef.* 'Twas twenty blows of Indignation, Gentlemen,  
Besides two blows o'the Face.

2 Those blows o'th' Face have made a new cause on't,  
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1 Two blows, o'the Face, and given by a worse Man, I must  
confess as we Sword-Men say, had turn'd the Business: Mark me,  
Brother; by a worse Man; but being by his Prince, had they been  
ten, and those ten drawn ten Teeth, beside the hazard of his Nose  
for ever; all this had been but favours: This is my flat opinion,  
which I'll die in.

2 The King may do much, Captain, believe it; for had he  
crackt your Skull through like a Bottle, or broke a Rib or two with  
tossing of you, yet you had lost no Honour: This is strange you  
may imagine; but this is truth, now Captain.

*Bef.* I will be glad to embrace it, Gentlemen.  
But how far may he strike me?

1 There's another:  
A new cause rising from the time and distance,  
In which I will deliver my opinion:  
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten; for these are natural to  
Man: Your Prince, I say may beat you, so far forth as his Domi-  
nion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten Mile a Day,  
I take it.

2 Brother, you Err, 'tis fifteen Mile a Day,  
His Stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

*Bef.* 'Tis o'the longest, but we Subjects must.

1 Be subject to it: You are Wise and Virtuous.

*Bef.* Obedience ever makes that Noble use on't,  
To which I dedicate my beaten Body:  
I must trouble you a little further, Gentlemen o'th' Sword.

2 No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may  
Profit your understanding; we are bound  
By virtue of our calling, to utter our Opinions,  
Shortly, and discreetly.

*Bef.* My foremost Business is, I have been kickt.

2 How far, Sir?

*Bef.* Not to flatter my self in it, all over, my Sword forc't, but  
not lost; for discreetly I rendered it to save that imputation.

1 It shew'd Discretion, the best part of valour, a sword was 1  
 2 Brother, this is a pretty case, pray grant ~~only~~, you said 10  
 Our Friend here has been kickt.

1 He has so, Brother.

2 Soresly, he says: Now had he sat down here  
 Upon the meek kick, he had been Cowardly.

1 I think it had been Cowardly indeed.

2 But our Friend has redeemed it in delivering  
 His Sword without compulsion; and thus Man  
 That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,  
 And his kicks Nullities.

He should have kickt him after the delivery,  
 Which is the Confirmation of a Coward.

1 Brother, I take it you will take the Question:  
 For say that I were kickt.

2 I must not say so;

Nor I must not here it spoke by the Tongue of Man:  
 You kickt, dear Brother? you're merry

But put the case I were kickt.

2 Let them put it that are things weary of their Lives, and know  
 not Honour: Put the case you were kickt

1 I do not say I was kickt.

2 Nor no silly Creature, that wears his Head without a case, his  
 Soul in a Skin-Coat: You kickt, dear Brother?

1 Yes, Gentleman, let us do what we shall do.

Truly and honestly: Good Sirs, to the question.

1 Why then I say, suppose your Boy kickt, Captain:

2 The Boy may be suppose'd liable.

1 A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my Friend:  
 But to the Boy, suppose the Boy were kickt.

2 I do suppose it.

1 Has your Boy a Sword?

1 Yes, surely no: I pray suppose a Sword too.

1 I do suppose it: You grant your Boy was kickt then?

2 By no means, Captain, let it be suppose'd still; the word  
 grant, makes not for us.

1 I say this must be granted.

2 This must be granted, Brother?

1 I, this must be granted.

2 Still this must?

1 I say this must be granted.

2 Give me the must again, Brother, you palter.

1 I will not hear you Wasp.

2 Brother, I say you palter, the must three times together, it  
 wear as sharp Steel as another Man,

And my Fox bites as deep, musted my dear Brother?

But to the cause again.

1 Yes, Nay, look you, Gentlemen.

- 1 In a word, I have done.
- 1 A tall Man, but untemperish, for Great pity.
- Once more suppose the Boy kicks.
- 2 Forward.
- 1 And being thoroughly kickt, laughs at the kicker.
- 2 So much for us, proceed.
- 1 And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
- Delivers up his Weapon: Where lies the Error?
- Bef. It lies Pth<sup>e</sup> beating, Sir,
- I found it four days since.
- 2 The Error and a sore one, as I take it;
- Lies in the thing kicking.
- Bef. I understand that well, his sore indeed, Sir;
- 1 That is according to the Man that did it.
- 2 There Springs a new Branch, whose was the foot?
- Bef. A Lord's.
- 1 The cause is mighty, but had it been two Lords,
- And both had kickt you, if you laught, 'tis clear,
- Bef. I did laugh,
- But how will that help me, Gentlemen?
- 2 Yes, it shall help you, if you laught aloud.
- Bef. As loud as a kickt Man could laugh, or laught, Sir;
- 1 My reason now; the valiant Man is known
- By suffering and contemning; you have
- Enough of both, and you are valiant.
- 2 If he be sure he has been kickt enough:
- For that brave sufferance you speak of, Brother,
- Consists not in a beating and away,
- But in a Cudgel'd Body, from eighteen
- To eight and thirty: In a head rebuk'd
- With pots of all Size, Daggers, Stools, and Bed-Staves;
- This shews a valiant Man.
- Bef. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
- For these are all familiar things to me:
- Familiar as my Sleep, or want of Money.
- All my whole Body's but one bruise with beating;
- I think I have been Cudgel'd with all Nations,
- And almost all Religions.
- 2 Imbrace him, Brother, this Man is valiant;
- I know it by my self, he's valiant.
- 1 Captain, thou art a valiant Gentleman
- To bide upon, a very valiant Man.
- Bef. My equal Friends o'th' Sword, I must request your hands to this
- 2 'Tis fit it should be.
- Bef. Boy, get some Wine, and Pen and Ink within:
- Am I clear, Gentlemen?
- 1 Sir, the World has taken notice what you have done.



Make much of your body, for I'll pawn my Soul,  
Men will be covey of their legs hereafter.

*Bef.* I must request you go along and testify to the Lord Baccarius, whose foot has struck me, how you find my Cause.

2 We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,  
Or there be those abroad, will rule his Lordship.

*Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gob. and Panthea at another.*

*Gob.* Sir, here's the Princess.

*Arb.* Leave us then alone.

For the main cause of her imprisonment  
Must not be heard by any, but her self.

You're welcome, Sister, and I would to God  
I could so bid you by another name:

If you above love not such sins as these,  
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,  
To quench the rising flames that harbour here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you, I shall speak?

*Arb.* Please me?

I, more than all the art of Musick can;  
Thy speech doth please me, for it ever sounds  
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:  
And yet it is not fit thou should'st be heard,  
I pray thee think so.

*Pan.* Be it so, I will.

I am the first that ever had a wrong  
So far from being fit to have redress,  
That 'twas unfit to hear it; I will back  
To Prison, rather than disquiet you,  
And wait 'till it be fit.

*Arb.* No, do not go;

For I will hear thee with a serious thought;  
I have collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd  
To hear thee largely, but I do beseech thee  
Do not come nearer to me, for there is  
Something in that, that will undo us both.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, am I venom?

*Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though of thy self I think thee to be  
In as equal a degree of heat, or cold,  
As Nature can make: yet as unsound men  
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats  
Into Diseases, so shall I distemper'd,  
Do thee, I pray thee draw no nearer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of late  
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus  
Is all I wish to know.

*Arb.* Why credit me, Panthea,

Credit



Credit me that am thy Brother,  
Thy Loving Brother, that there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undo thee Everlastingly  
Only to hear; wilt thou but credit this;  
By Heaven, 'tis true, believe it if thou canst.

*Pam.* Children and Fools are ever credulous;  
And I am both I think, for I believe;  
If you dissemble, be it on your Head;  
Ple back unto my Prison: Yet methinks  
I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in my self I find I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often.

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a step, what do you mean?  
Dear Sister, do not so: Alas, *Pamela*,  
Where I am would you be? Why that's the cause  
You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
Where I am.

*Pam.* Then I must endure it, Sir, God keep you.  
*Arb.* Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, *Pamela*.  
And when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,  
And hang thy Head down like a Violet  
Full of the Mornings dew: There is a way  
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse Bondage, and I know,  
Thou wouldst Encounter Fire, and make a Proof  
Whether the Gods have care of Innocence,  
Rather than follow it: Know I have lost  
The only difference betwixt Man and Beast;  
My Reason.

*Pam.* Heaven forbid.  
*Arb.* Nay, it is gone.  
And I am left as far without a bound,  
As the wild Ocean that obeys the Winds;  
Each sudden Passion throws me as it lists,  
And overwhelms all that oppose my Will:  
I have beheld thee with a Lustful Eye:  
My Heart is set on Wickedness, to Act  
Such Sins with thee, as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which I beseech thee do not, thou may'st gain  
Thy Liberty, and yield me a content:  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark, and close,  
Where I may never see thee; For God knows  
That laid this Punishment upon my Pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my Madnes  
To come to thy Ravishing: Now

Now spit upon me, and call all Reproaches  
Thou canst devise together; and yet once  
Hurl 'em against me: For I am a Sickness  
As killing as the Plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Far be it from me to revile the King:  
But it is true, that I shall rather chuse  
To search out Death, than life would search out me.  
And in a Grave sleep with my Innocence.  
Than welcome such a Sin: It is my Fate,  
To these cross Accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have Patience; and but that my Eyes  
Have more of Woman in 'em than my Heart,  
I would not Weep: Peace enter you again.

*Arb.* Farewel, and good *Pamela*, pray for me:  
Thy Prayers are pure, that I may find a Death  
However soon, before my Passions grow,  
That they forget what I desire is Sin:  
For thither they are tending: If that happen,  
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a Virgin  
By vow to Heaven, and shall put a heap  
Of strange, yet uninvited Stos upon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall know  
It is a fullen Fate that governs us.  
For I could wish as heartily as you  
I were no Sister to you: I should then  
Embrace your lawful Love sooner than Health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then?

*Pan.* So perfectly,  
That as it is, I ne'er shall sway my Heart  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my Birth,  
Must this be added to my Miseries  
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop  
To our full Happiness, but these meer sounds,  
Brother and Sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else;  
But these, alas! will separate us more  
Than twenty Worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.* I have liv'd  
To conquer Men, and now am overthrow'd  
Only by Words, Brother and Sister: Where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,  
And utterly destroy 'em: But they are  
Not to be grasp'd: Let 'em be Men or Beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the Earth, or Towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off.  
And yet have unquencht Fire left in my Breast:

Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in thy power of force  
Or policy to conquer them.

*Arb.* *Panthaa*, what shall we do?  
Shall we stand firmly here, and gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could do so,

But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accur'd man, and his hand  
Thou bought'st thy Reason at too dear a rate;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious Rules, when every Beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred

But wretched Man? Who eyes law the Bull  
Fearfully leaves the Hunter what he'll do

Because they had one Dam?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb you, and my fear too;  
'Twere better I were gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was;  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our birth.

No otherwife: Brothers and Sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together; so will we

Come nearer: Is there any hurt in that?

*Pan.* I hope not.

*Arb.* Faith, there is none at all:  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me?

*Pan.* No, by Heaven.

*Arb.* Why, you you sent unto *Tyrannus*, sister.

*Pan.* True, but for another: for the truth

*Arb.* No more,  
I'll credit thee, I know thou canst not lie:

Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else  
That we may do, but only walk? methinks

Brothers and Sisters lawfully may kiss.

*Arb.* And so they may, *Panthaa*, so will we,  
And kiss again too; we were scrupulous,  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go  
To Prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I dare no longer stay.

*Arb.* That is impossible. What should we do?  
*Pan.* Fly, Sir, for God's sake.

*Arb.* So we must away;  
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

ACT

## A C T V.

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* **S**IR, the King has seen your Commission, and believes it, and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit Prince *Tigranes*, your noble Master.

*Lyg.* I thank his Grace, and kiss his hand.

*Mar.* But is the main of all your business Ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse, I am ashamed, it is a business.

*Mar.* You serve a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure you are; you may employ me if you please, without your purse, such offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your nobleness.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this courtesy, If it be any, is not ill bestowed.

But may I civilly desire the rest?

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall know I have lost a foolish daughter,

And with her all my patience, patient'd away.

By a mean Captain of your Kings.

*Mar.* Stay there, Sir:

If he have reacht the noble worth of Captain,

He may well claim a worthy Gentlewoman,

Though she were yours, and noble.

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow

reaches no further than the empty name.

That serves to feed him; were he valiant,

Or had but in him any noble nature

That might hereafter promise him a good Man,

My cares were so much lighter, and my grave

A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confess such fellows

Be in all Royal Camps, and have, and must be,

To make the sin of Coward more detested

In the mean souldier, that with such a foil

Sets off much valour: By description

I should now guess him to you. It was *Bessus*.

I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvy name as *Bessus*; and now I think 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captain, do you call him?

Believe me Sir, you have a misery

Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him,

For that must be the end of all his service;

Your daughter was not mad, Sir?

*Lyg.* No, would she had been,



The fault had more credit : I would do something.

*Mar.* I would fain counsel you ; but to what I know not :  
He's so below a beating, that the Women  
Find him not worthy of their Distaffs ; and to hang him,  
Were to cast away a Rope ;  
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied Coward,  
That no Revenge can catch him :  
I'll tell you, Sir, and tell you truth ; this rascal  
Fears neither God nor man ; he's been so beaten,  
Sufferance has made him waincoor ; he has had  
Since he was first a Slave, at least three hundred daggers  
Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in hot meat,  
There's not a rib in's body, i' my conscience  
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating ;  
And now his sides look like to wicker Targets,  
Every way bended,  
Children will shortly take him for a wall,  
And set their stone-bows in his fore head. He's of so base a sence,  
I cannot in a week imagine what shall be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure I have committed some great sin ;  
That this strange fellow should be made my rod,  
I would see him, but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter if you have not, if a laming of him,  
or such a toy may do you pleasure, Sir, he has it for you, and I'll  
help you to him ; 'tis no news to him to have a leg broke, or a  
shoulder out, with being turn'd o'th stoner like a Tanster : Draw  
not your Sword, if you love it ; for on my conscience, his head  
will break it : we use him i'th wars like a Ram to shake a wall  
withall ; here comes the very person of him, do as you shall find  
your temper, I must leave you : but if you do not break him like a  
Bisket, you are much to blame, Sir. [Exit Mar.]

*Enter Bessus and the Sword-Men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name Bessus ?

*Bes.* Men call me Captain Bessus.

*Lyg.* Then Captain Bessus, you are a Rank-Rascal, without  
more Exordiams, a dirty frozen Slave, and with the favour of  
your Friends here, I will beat you.

*2 Swor.* Pray use your pleasure, Sir, you seem to be a Gentleman.

*Lyg.* Thus, Captain Bessus, thus ; thus twinge your nose, thus  
kick, and thus tread you.

*Bes.* I do beseech you yield your cause, Sir, quickly.

*Lyg.* Indeed I should have told you that first.

*Bes.* I take it so.

*1 Swor.* Captain, he should indeed, he is mistaken.

*Lyg.*



*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating.  
You have stol'n away a Lady, Captain Coward,  
And such a one.

[Beats him.]

*Bef.* Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir.  
I never yet stole any living thing that had a tooth about it.

*Lyg.* Sir, I know you dare lie.

*Bef.* With none but Summer Whores, upon my life, Sir,  
My means and manners never could attempt  
Above a hedge or hey-cock.

*Lyg.* Sirrah, that quits not me, where is this Lady?  
Do that you do not use to do; tell truth,  
Or by my hand, I'll beat your Captains brains out,  
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

*Bef.* There was a Lady, Sir, I must confess,  
Once in my charge: The Prince *Tigranes* gave her  
To my guard for her safety, how I us'd her,  
She may her self report, she's with the Prince now:  
I did but wait upon her like a Groom,  
Which she will testify I am sure: If not,  
My brains are at your service when you please, Sir,  
And glad I have 'em for you.

*Lyg.* This is most likely, Sir, I ask you pardon,  
And am sorry I was so intemperate.

*Bef.* Well, I can ask no more, you would think it strange  
Now to have me beat you at first sight.

*Lyg.* Indeed I would, but I know your goodness can forget  
Twenty beatings. You must forgive me.

*Bef.* Yes, there's my hand, go where you will, I shall think  
you a vallant fellow for all this.

*Lyg.* My daughter is a Whore.  
I feel it now too sensibly; yet I will see her,  
Discharge my self of being Father to her,  
And then back to my Country, and there die.  
Farewel, Captain.

[Exit Lygones.]

*Bef.* Farewel, Sir, farewel, commend me to the Gentlewoman,  
pray.

*I Sw.* How now, Captain? hear up, Man.

*Bef.* Gentleman catch sword, your hands once more, I have  
Been kickt agen. But the foolish fellow is penitent,  
H'e as asks me mercy, and my honour safe.

*I Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have  
kickt his Grandfire.

*Bef.* Confirm, confirm, I pray.

*I Sw.* There be our hands agen,

Now

Now let him come, and say he was not sorry,  
And he sleeps for it.

*Bef.* Alas good Ignorant old Man, let him go,  
Let him go, these Courtes will undo him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter Lygones and Bacurius.*

*Bac.* My Lord, your Authority is good, and I am glad it is so,  
for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own King.  
I am a Minister, but not a Governour of this State, yonder is your  
King, I'll leave you. [Exit.]

*Enter Tygranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is indeed,  
And with him my disloyal Child.

*Tygr.* I do perceive my fault so much, that yet  
Methinks thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your Majesty.

*Tygr.* What? Good *Lygones*, welcome, what business  
Brought thee hither.

*Lyg.* Several businesses.  
My publick business will appear by this:  
I have a message to deliver, which  
If it please you so to Authorise, is  
An Embassage from the *Armenian* State,  
Unto *Artabazus* for your Liberty:  
The offer's there set down, please you to read it.

*Tygr.* There is no alteration happened  
Since I came thence?

*Lyg.* None, Sir, all is as it was.

*Tygr.* And all our Friends are well.

*Lyg.* All very well.

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what was good,  
I dare not see my Father. It was fault  
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Madam, I should have seen you.

*Spa.* O good Sir, forgive me.

*Lyg.* Forgive you, why? I am no kin to you, am I?

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by my mean deserts,  
Indeed you are not.

*Lyg.* Thou couldst prate unhappily  
Ere thou couldst go, would thou couldst do as well;  
And how does your Custom hold out here?

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lyg.* Are you in private still; or how?

*Spa.* What do you mean?

*Lyg.* Do you take money? are you come to sell sin yet? perhaps I can help you to liberal Clients: Or has not the King cast you off yet; O thou vile Creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young Whore. I would thy Mother had liv'd to see this: Or rather, would I had died ere I had seen it: Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolved to be a Whore? I would have seen thy hot Lust satisfied More privately: I would have kept a Dancer, And a whole confort of Musicians In my own House, only to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never Whore.

*Lyg.* If thou couldst not say so much for thy self, thou shouldst be Carted.

*Tygr.* *Lygoner*, I have read it, and I like it, You shall deliver it.

*Lyg.* Well, Sir, I will: But I have private business with you.

*Tygr.* Speak, what is't?

*Lyg.* How has my Age deserv'd so ill of you, That you can pick no Strumpets i'the Land, But out of my Breed?

*Tygr.* Strumpets, good *Lygoner*?

*Lyg.* Yes, and I wish to have you know, I scorn To get a Whore for any Prince alive, And yet scorn will not help, methinks: My Daughter Might have been spar'd, there were enough besides.

*Tygr.* May I not prosper, but she's Innocent As morning light for me, and I dare swear, For all the World.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you then? Can she wait on you better than your Man? Has she a gift in plucking off your Stockings? Can she make Caudles well, or cut your Corns? Why do you keep her with you? For a Queen I know you do contemn her, so should I And every Subject else think much at it.

*Tygr.* Let 'em think much, but 'tis more firm than Earth. Thou feelt thy Queen there.

*Lyg.* Then have I made a fair hand, I call'd her Whore, If I shall speak now as her Father, I cannot chuse But greatly rejoice that she shall be a Queen: But if I shall speak to you as a States Man, she were more fit To be your Whore.

*Tygr.* Get you about your Business to *Arbaces*, Now you talk idly.

*Lyg.*

**Lyc.** Yes, Sir, I will go; And shall she be a Queen? She had more wit Than her old Father when she run away Shall she be Queen? Now by my troth, 'tis fine, I'll Dance out of all measure at her Wedding: Shall I not, Sir?

**Tig.** Yes marry shalt thou.

**Lyc.** I'll make these withered Kexes bear my Body Two hours together above Ground.

**Tig.** Nay go, my Business requires haste.

**Lyc.** Good God preserve you, you are an excellent King.

**Spa.** Farewel, good Father.

**Lyc.** Farewel, sweet virtuous Daughter.

I never was so joyful in my life, That I remember: Shall she be a Queen? Now I perceive, a Man may Weep for joy, I had thought they had lied that said so. **[Exit Lyc.]**

**Tig.** Come my dear Love.

**Spa.** But you may see another May alter that again.

**Tig.** Urge it no more, I have made up a new strong constancy, Not to be shook with Eyes: I know I have The Passions of a Man, but if I think of thee With any Subject, that should hold my Eyes More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee And run away from it: Let that suffice. **[Exeunt all.]**

*Enter Balthazar and his Servants.*

**Bal.** Three Gentlemen without to speak with me.

**Ser.** Yes, Sir. **Bal.** Let them come in.

**Ser.** They are entered, Sir, already. **Bal.** Now Follow your Business, are these the Gentlemen?

**Bes.** My Lord, I have made bold to bring these Gentlemen my Friends o' the Sword along with me.

**Bal.** I am afraid you'll fight them. **Bes.** My good Lord, I will not, your Lordship's mistaken, Fear not, Lord.

**Bal.** Sir, I am sorry for't. **Bes.** I ask no more in Honour, Gentlemen, you hear my Lord is sorry.

**Bal.** Not that I have beaten you, but beaten one that will be beaten: One whose dull Body will require a laming? As for felts do the Diet, Spring and Fall, Now to your Sword-Men.

What



What come they for, good Captain Stock-fist?

Bef. It seems your Lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your Nature neither, though they are things sifter I must confess for any thing, than my Remembrance, or any honest Mans, what shall these Billets do, he pill'd up is my Wood-yard?

Bef. Your Lordship holds your mirth still, God continue it: but for these Gentlemen they come—

Bac. To swear you are a Coward, spare your back, I do believe it.

Bef. Your Lordship still draws wide, they come to vouch under their valiant hands, I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a step indeed worth feeling: Sirrah, be wise, and take money for this motion, travel with it, and where the name of *Bessus* has been known, or a good Coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your Captainship, and more natural; Men of more valiant hands, is this true?

2 Swor. It is so, most renowned—

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 Swor. Lord, it is strange, yet true; we have examined from your Lordships foot there, to this Mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his Honour is come off clean, and sufficient: This, as our Swords shall help—

Bac. You are much bound to your Billet-Men, I am glad you are straight again, Captains. 'Twere good you would think some way to ease them, they have undergone a labour for you, *Bessus*, would have puzzled *Alexander* with all his valour.

2 Swor. Your Lordship must understand we are no Men o'th' Law, that take pay for our opinions: It is sufficient we have cleared our Friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I as toucht in Conscience will discharge, Captain; Ple pay this rent for you.

Bef. Spare your self, my good Lord; my brave Friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge, Sir, for the pains.

2 Swor. O Lord, my good Lord—

Bac. Be not so modest, I will give you something.

Bef. They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while, you Rogues, you apple-squires: Do you come hither with your beated valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 Swor. We do beseech your Lordship—

2 Swor. O good Lord—

Bac. 'S foot, what a heavy of beaten Slaves are here? Get me a Cudgel, Sirrah, and a tough one.

2 Swor.



2 Swor. More of your foot, I beseech your Lordship.

Bac. You shall, you ~~shalt~~ dog, and your fellow Beagle.

2 Swor. O' this side, good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your Swords, for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flay'd, you Rascals.

1 Swor. Mine's off, my Lord.

2 Swor. I beseech your Lordship stay, a little, my strap's tied to my codpiece point: now when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too.

Bef. I am very well, I humbly thank your Lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket, slave, my toe you mongrel? thy buttocks cannot be so hard, out with it quickly.

2 Swor. Here 'tis, Sir, a small Piece of Artillery, that a Gentleman, a dear friend of your Lordship, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir, for if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Sergeant.

Ser. Here's a good cudgel, Sir.

Bac. It comes too late, I'm weary, pray thee do thou beat them:

2 Swor. My Lord, this is foul play, I'll shew, to put a fresh Man upon us; Men are but Men, Sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones; Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone; I had rather thrust, than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cry'd ho: *Befus*, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell, as you like this, pray visit me again, 'twill keep me in good breath.

2 Swor. H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like.

1 Swor. Nor I, and yet I am sure I have felt a hundred.

2 Swor. If he kick thus 4th dog-days, he will be dry foundred: what cure now, Captain, besides oyl of hays?

Bef. Why well enough, I warrant you, you can go?

2 Swor. Yes, God be thanked; but I feel a throwd ach, sure h'as sprang my huckle-bone.

1 Swor. I ha' lost a hanch.

Bef. A little better, friend, a little better; butter and parsley is a sovereign matter.

2 Swor. Captain, we must request your hand now to our honours.

Bef. Yes marry shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selves, and there's an end.

1 Swor. Nay, then we must be valiant; O my ribs.

2 Swor. O my small guts, a pox upon these sharp-toed shoes, they are murderers.

Enter

*Enter Arbaces with his sword drawn.*  
*Arb.* It is refused, I bore it whilst I could, now I can no more,  
 I must begin  
 With murder of my Friend, and so go on  
 To an incestuous ravishing, and end  
 My life and sins with a forbidden blow,  
 Upon my self.

*Enter Mardonius.*  
*Mar.* What Tragedy is near?  
 That hand was never wont to draw a Sword,  
 But is cried dead to something.

*Arb.* Mardonius, have you bid *Gobrias* come?  
*Mar.* How do you, Sir?  
*Arb.* Well, is he coming?

*Mar.* Why, Sir, are you thus?  
 Why does your hand proclaim a lawless war  
 Against your self?

*Arb.* Thou answerest me one question with another.  
 Is *Gobrias* coming?

*Mar.* Sir, he is coming.  
*Arb.* 'Tis well, I can forbear your questions, then, be gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I have mark'd.

*Arb.* Mark less, it troubles you and me.

*Mar.* You are more variable than you were.

*Arb.* I may be so.

*Mar.* To say no Hermit could be humbler.  
 Than you were to us all.

*Arb.* And what of this?

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your eyes,  
 As you would look us all out of the land.

*Arb.* I do confess it, will that satisfy?

I prethee get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I will speak.

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mar.* It is my duty,  
 I fear you will kill your self: I am a subject,  
 And you shall do me wrong in't: 'tis my cause.

And I may speak.  
*Arb.* Thou art not train'd in sin,  
 It seems, *Mardonius*: kill my self, by heaven,  
 I will not do it yet; and when I will,  
 Ple tell thee then: I shall be such a creature,  
 That thou wilt give me leave without a word.  
 There is a method in man's wickedness,  
 It grows up by degrees; I am not come

So high as killing of my self, there are  
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,  
Which I must do, I shall come to't at last;  
But take my Oath not now, be satisfied  
And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I am sorry 'tis so ill.

*Arb.* Be sorry then,

True sorrow is alone, grieve by thy self.

*Mar.* I pray you let me see your Sword put up  
Before I go; I'll leave you then.

*Arb.* Why so?

What folly is this in thee, is it not

As apt to mischief as it was before?

Can I not reach it, think'st thou? these are tales

For Children to be pleas'd with, and not Men;

Now I am fane you think: I would the Book

Of Fate were here, my Sword is not so sure,

But I should get it out, and mangle that,

That all the Destinies should quite forget

Their fixt Decrees, and haste to make us new,

For other Fortunes, mine could not be worse,

Wilt thou now leave me?

*Mar.* God put into your bosom temperate thoughts,

I'll leave you though I fear.

[Exit Mar.]

*Arb.* Go, thou art honest.

Why should the hasty errors of my Youth

Be so unpardonable to draw a Sin

Helpless upon me? —

*Enter Gobrias.*

*Gob.* There is the King, now it is ripe.

*Arb.* Draw near, thou guilty man,

Thou art the Author of the loathedst Crime

Five Ages have brought forth, and hear me speak,

Curses incurable, and all the Evils

Man's Body, or his Spirit can receive,

Be with thee.

*Gob.* Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?

*Arb.* Why do I curse thee, if there be a Man

Subtile in Curses, that exceeds the rest,

His worst wish upon thee. Thou hast broke my heart.

*Gob.* How, Sir, have I preserv'd you from a Child,

From all the Arrows, malice or ambition

Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

*Arb.* 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that

Wert crueller than hardened Murderers

Of Infants, and their Mothers; thou didst save me

Only 'till thou hadst studied out a way

K

How

How to destroy me cunningly thy self:

This was a curious way of torturing.

*Gob.* What do you mean?

*Arb.* Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me,  
Dost thou remember all those witching Letters

Thou sent'st unto me to *Armenia*,

Fill'd with the praise of my beloved Sister,

Where thou extol'st her beauty; what had I

To do with that? what could her beauty be

To me? and thou didst write how well she lov'd me,

Dost thou remember this? so that I doted

Something before I saw her.

*Gob.* This is true.

*Arb.* Is it? and when I was return'd thou know'st

Thou didst pursue it, 'till thou wound'st me in

To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,

As good men cannot think on.

*Gob.* This I grant, I think I was the cause.

*Arb.* Wert thou? Nay more, I think thou meant'st it.

*Gob.* Sir, I hate a lie.

As I love God and honesty, I did:

It was my meaning.

*Arb.* Be thine own sad Judge.

A further Condemnation will not need,

Prepare thy self to die.

*Gob.* Why, Sir, to die?

*Arb.* Why wouldst thou live, was ever yet offender

So impudent, that had a thought of mercy

After confession of a Crime like this?

Get out I cannot, where thou hurt'st me in,

But I can take revenge, that's all the sweetness

Left for me.

*Gob.* Now is the time, hear me but speak.

*Arb.* No, yet I will be far more merciful

Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,

And never gav'st me warning: so much time

As I give thee now, had prevented thee

For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,

If thou hast hope, that there is yet a Prayer

To save thee, turn and speak it thy self.

*Gob.* Sir, you shall know your sins before you do 'em,

If you kill me —

*Arb.* I will not stay then.

*Gob.* Know you kill your Father.

*Arb.* How?

*Gob.* You kill your Father.

*Arb.* My Father? though I know it for a lie

Made out of fear to save thy stained life,  
The very reverence of the world comes cross me,  
And ties mine arm down.

*Gob.* I will tell you that shall heighten you again, I am thy  
Father, I charge thee hear me.

*Arb.* If it should be so,  
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A Bastard-illue, the despised fruit  
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions: but another truth  
Shall be wrong from thee: If I could come by  
The Spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,  
'Till thou allowest thy self more full of lies  
Than he that teaches thee.

*Enter Aranc.*

*Ara.* Turn thee about,  
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man,  
Hear me, thou Tyrant.

*Arb.* I will turn to thee.  
Hear me, thou Strumpet: I have blotted out  
The name of Mother, as thou hast thy shame.

*Ara.* My shame? thou hast less shame than any thing;  
Why dost thou keep my Daughter in a Prison?  
Why dost thou call her Sister, and do this?

*Arb.* Cease, thou strange impudence,  
And answer quickly, if thou contemnest me, [Points to his Sword.  
This will ask an answer,  
And have it.

*Ara.* Help me, gentle *Gobias*.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt, though they grow together  
In doing ill, yet at the punishment  
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.  
Think not of help, answer.

*Ara.* I will, to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as if it be a truth,  
Think what a Creature thou hast made thy self,  
That didst not shame to do, what I must blush  
Only to ask thee: tell me who I am,  
Whose Son I am, without all circumstance;  
Be thou as hasty as my Sword will be  
If thou refusest.

*Ara.* Why you are his Son.

*Arb.* His Son?

Swear, swear, thou worse than Woman damn'd.

*Ara.* By all that's good, you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all  
That ever was known bad, now is the Cause



Of all my strange Misfortunes come to light:  
 What reverence expect'st thou from a Child,  
 To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,  
 Thy Husband, and the Land: Adulterous Witch!  
 I know now why thou would'st have poyson'd me,  
 I was thy lust which thou would'st have forgot:  
 Then wicked Mother of my sins and me,  
 Shew me the way to the inheritance  
 I have by thee: which is a spacious World  
 Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it:  
 Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases  
 As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed.

*Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

You are a pair of Vipers, and behold  
 The Serpent you have got; there is no Beast  
 But if he knew it, has a Pedigree  
 As brave as mine, for they have more descents,  
 And I am every way as beastly got,  
 As far without the compass of a Law  
 As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vain,  
 And rail upon a gues: hear us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away  
 My breath, and die.

*Gob.* Why, but you are no Bastard.

*Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor Child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you go on in wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you be more patient, I may bring comfort to  
 You.

*Arb.* I will kneel,  
 And hear with the obedience of a Child,  
 Good Father speak, I do acknowledge you,  
 So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last King, your supposed Father  
 Was old and feeble when he married her,  
 And almost all the Land as the past hope  
 Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she took leave  
 To play the Whore, because the King was old:  
 Is this the comfort?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
 To give me satisfaction, when you find  
 How you have injur'd me? let fire consume me,  
 If ever I were Whore.

*Gob.* Forbear these starts,

Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
As you are now: if you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,  
That cools and blasts not.

*Ab.* Bring it out, good Father,  
I'll lie and listen here as reverently  
As to an Angel: if I breath too loud,  
Tell me, for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our King, I say was old, and this our Queen  
Desired to bring an Heir, but yet her Husband  
She thought was past it, and to be dishonest,  
I think she would not; if she would have been,  
The truth is, she was watcht so narrowly,  
And had so slender opportunities,  
She hardly could have been: but yet her cunning  
Found out this way: she feign'd her self with Child,  
And Posts were sent in hast throughout the Land,  
And God was humbly thank'd in every Church,  
That so had blest the Queen, and Prayers were made  
For her safe going and delivery:

She feign'd now to grow bigger, and perceiv'd  
This hope of Issue made her fear'd, and brought  
A far more large respect from every man.  
And saw her power increase, and was resolv'd,  
Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed;  
At least she would be thought to have a Child.

*Ab.* Do I not hear it well? nay, I will make  
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,  
Quick as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full,  
She should be brought to bed, I had a Son  
Born, which was you. This the Queen hearing of,  
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons  
She shewed me, as she knew would tie  
My secrecy, she swore you should be King.  
And to be short, I did deliver you  
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
And in mine own house kept a Funeral,  
And had an empty Coffin put in earth.  
That night this Queen feign'd hastily to labour,  
And by a pair of Women of her own,  
Which she had charm'd, she made the World believe  
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up  
As the King's Son, 'till you were six year old;  
Then did the King die, and did leave to me  
Protection of the Realm; and contrary  
To his own expectation, left this Queen

Truly

Truly with Child indeed, of the fair Princess  
*Panthaa*: then she could have torn her hair,  
 And did alone to me, yet durst not speak  
 In publick, for she knew she should be found  
 A Traitor; and her tale would have been thought  
 Madness, or any thing rather than truth.  
 This was the only cause why she did seek  
 To poyson you, and I to keep you safe,  
 And this the reason, why I sought to kindle  
 Some sparks of love in you to fair *Panthaa*,  
 That she might get part of her right again.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now? is this all?  
 If not, I will be still, 'till I am aged,  
 'Till all my hairs be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true, say you too, Madam?

*Ara.* Yes, God knows, it is most true.

*Arb.* *Panthaa* then is not my Sister.

*Gob.* No.

*Arb.* But can you prove this?

*Gob.* If you will give consent, else who dares go about it?

*Arb.* Give consent?

Why I will have 'em all that know it rackt,  
 To get this from 'em. All that waits without,  
 Come in, what e're you be, come in, and be  
 Partakers of my joy; O you are welcome.

*Enter Belus, Gentlemen, Mardonius, and other Attendants.*

*Arb.* The best news! nay, draw no nearer,  
 They all shall hear it, I am found no King.

*Mar.* Is that so good news?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest news that e're was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed 'twere well for you  
 If you might be a little less obey'd.

*Arb.* One call the Queen.

*Mar.* Why, she is there.

*Arb.* The Queen, *Mardonius*? *Panthaa* is the Queen,  
 And I am plain *Arbaces*: go some one,  
 She is in *Gobrias* house, since I saw you  
 There are a thousand things delivered to me,  
 You little dream of.

[*Exit a Gent.*]

*Mar.* So it should seem, my Lord, what fury's this?

*Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no fury, all that he says is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange.

*Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off, Gentlemen?  
 Is it to me? I swear it must not be:

Nay trust me, in good faith, it must not be;  
 I cannot now command you, but I pray you

For

For the respect you bear me, when you took  
Me for your King, each man clap on his hat  
At my desire.

*Mar.* We will, you are not found  
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd  
As well as we, may you not?

*Arb.* O not here.

You may; but not I, for here is my Father  
In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why there: O the whole story  
Would be a Wilderness to lose thy self  
For ever: O pardon me, dear Father,  
For all the idle and unreverent words  
That I have spoke in idle moods to you:  
I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow-subjects,  
Nor is the Queen *Panthea* now my Sister.

*Bef.* Why, if you remember, fellow subject *Arbaces*; I told  
you once she was not your Sister: I, and she lookt nothing like  
you.

*Arb.* I think you did, good Captain *Bessus*.

*Bef.* Here will arise another question now amongst the Sword-  
men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he  
is proved no King.

*Enter Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, here's *Lygones*, the Agent for the *Armenian State*.

*Arb.* Where is he? I know your business, good *Lygones*.

*Lyg.* We must have our King again, and will.

*Arb.* I knew that was your business: you shall have  
Your King again, and have him so again,  
As never King was had: go one of you  
And bid *Bacchus* bring *Tigranes* hither;  
And bring the Lady with him, that *Panthea*,  
The Queen *Panthea* sent me word this morning,  
Was brave *Tigranes* Mistress.

[*Exeunt duo Gens.*]

*Lyg.* 'Tis *Spaconia*.

*Arb.* I, I, *Spaconia*.

*Lyg.* She is my Daughter.

*Arb.* She is so: I could now tell any thing  
I never heard: your King shall go so home,  
As never Man went.

*Mar.* Shall he go on's head?

*Arb.* He shall have Chariots easier than air,  
That I will have invenged; and ne'er think  
He shall pay any ransom, and thy self  
That art the Messenger, shalt ride before him  
On a Horse cut out of an intire Diamond,

That

That shall be made to go with golden wheels,  
I know not how yet.

*Lxx.* Why I shall be made for ever;  
They bely'd this King with us,  
And said he was unkind.

*Arb.* And then thy Daughter,  
She shall have some strange thing, we'll have the Kingdom  
Sold utterly, and put into a toy,  
Which she shall wear about her carelessly  
Somewhere or other. See the virtuous Queen;  
Behold the humblest Subject that you have  
Kneel here before you.

*Enter Panthaza, and 1 Gent.*

*Pan.* Why kneel you to me that am your Vassal?

*Arb.* Grant me one request.

*Pan.* Alas, what can I grant you? what I can, I will.

*Arb.* That you will please to marry me;  
If I can prove it lawful.

*Pan.* Is that all? I am bound to do it, and I will do it  
More willingly than I would draw this air.

*Arb.* I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

*1 Gent.* Sir, *Tigranes* is coming, though he made it strange  
At first, to see the Princess any more.

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Arb.* The Queen

Thou meanest. O my *Tigranes*, pardon me,  
Tread on my neck, I freely offer it,  
And if thou beest so given, take revenge,  
For I have injur'd thee.

*Tigr.* No, I forgive,  
And rejoice more that you have found repentance,  
Then I my liberty.

*Arb.* May'st thou be happy  
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate,  
You owe no Ransom to the State, know that  
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,  
Which yet I dare not utter 'till I pay  
My thanks to Heaven for 'em: Will you go  
With me, and help me to pray you do

*Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Take then your fair one with you, and your Queen  
Of goodness, and of us. O give me leave  
To take your arm in mine: Come every one

That takes delight in goodness, help to sing  
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd no King.

*End of the Play*